60 CENTS
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JULY 28, 1970

SPECIAL REPORT ON
Our Prisoners in Hanoi
--see page 786

NATIONAL REVIEW

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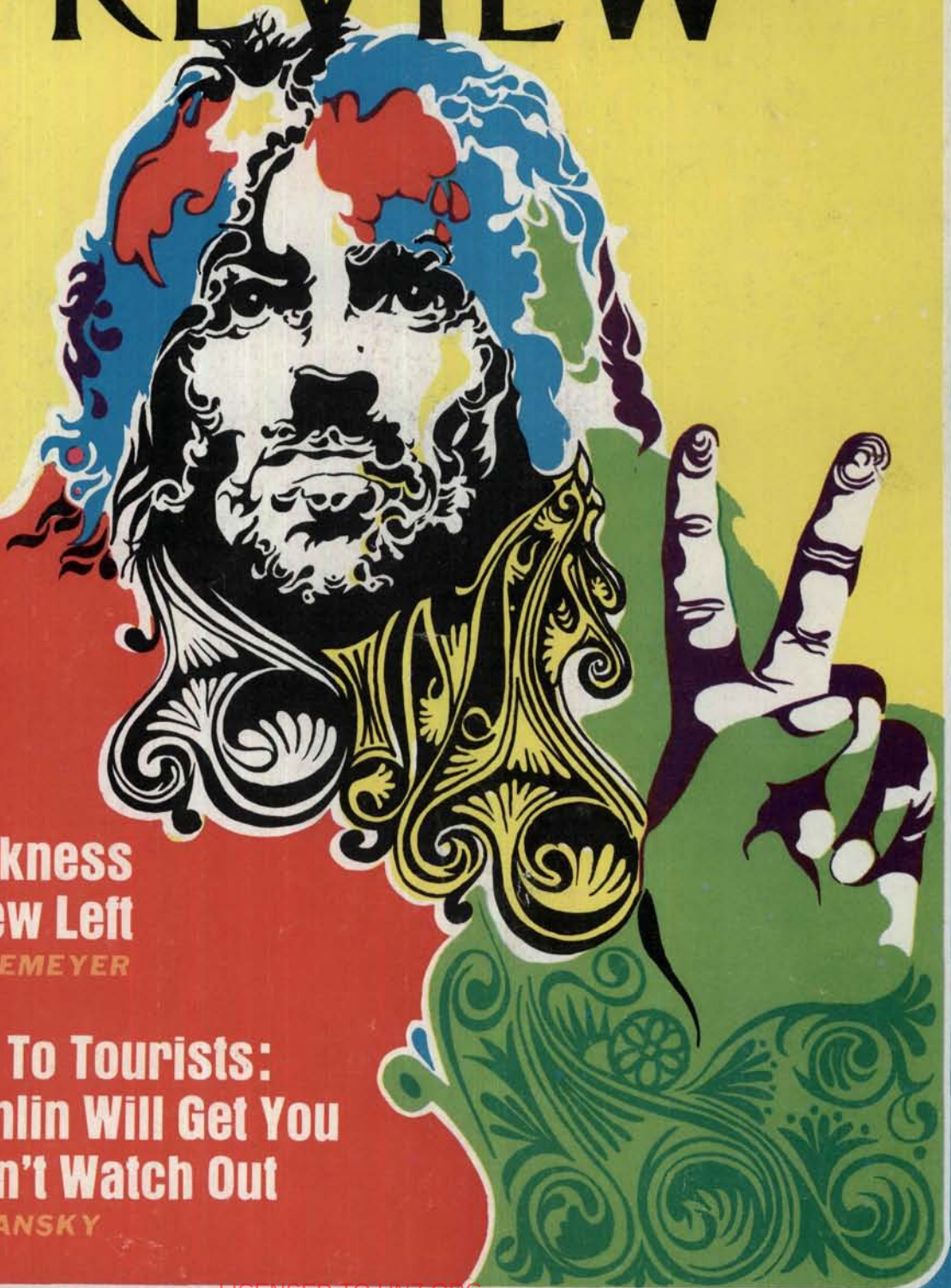

The Homesickness Of The New Left

GERHART NIEMEYER

Warning To Tourists: The Kremlin Will Get You If You Don't Watch Out

JOSEF POWIANSKY

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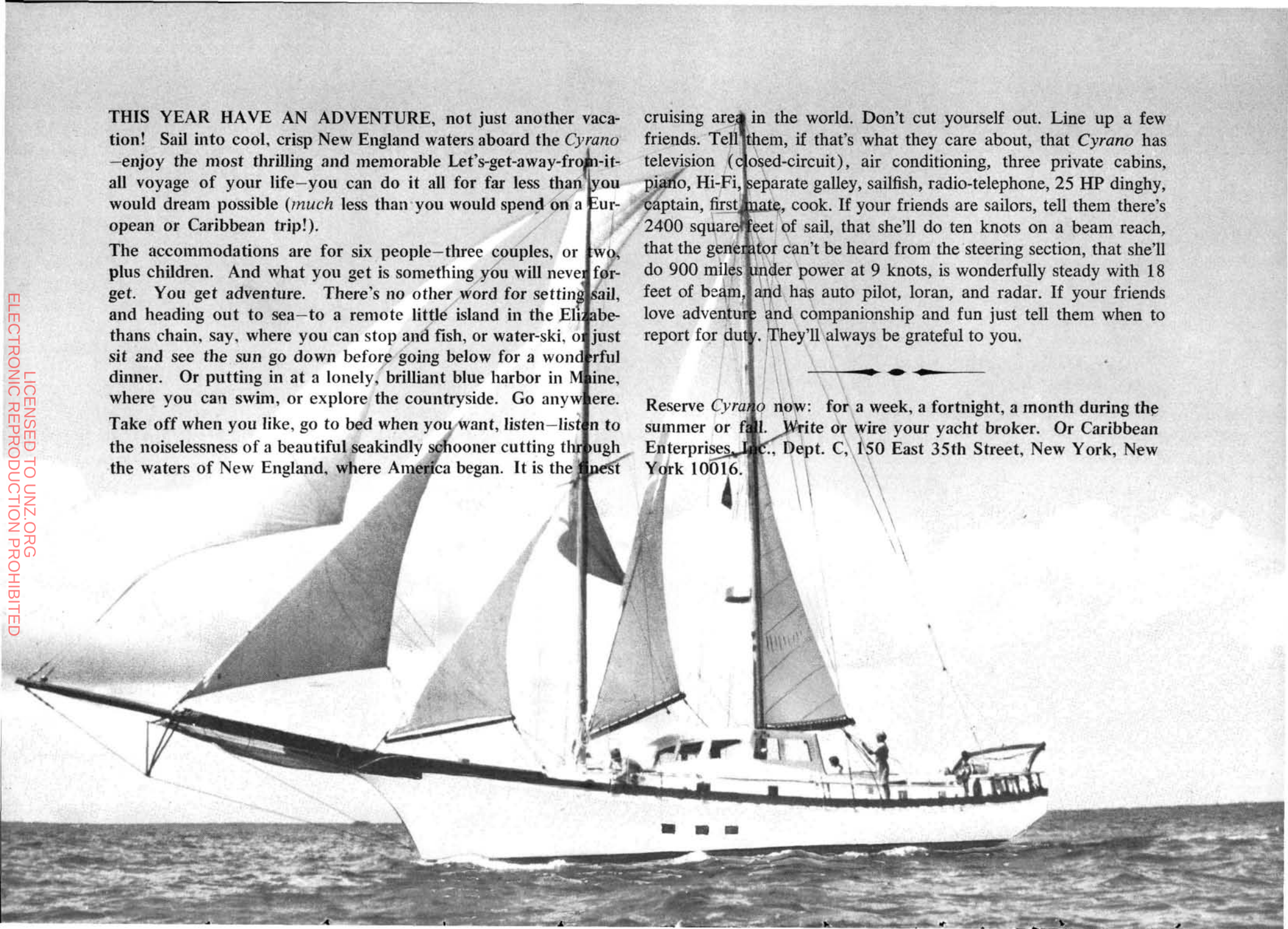
THIS YEAR HAVE AN ADVENTURE, not just another vacation! Sail into cool, crisp New England waters aboard the *Cyrano* —enjoy the most thrilling and memorable Let's-get-away-from-it-all voyage of your life—you can do it all for far less than you would dream possible (*much* less than you would spend on a European or Caribbean trip!).

The accommodations are for six people—three couples, or two, plus children. And what you get is something you will never forget. You get adventure. There's no other word for setting sail, and heading out to sea—to a remote little island in the Elizabethans chain, say, where you can stop and fish, or water-ski, or just sit and see the sun go down before going below for a wonderful dinner. Or putting in at a lonely, brilliant blue harbor in Maine, where you can swim, or explore the countryside. Go anywhere. Take off when you like, go to bed when you want, listen—listen to the noiselessness of a beautiful seakindly schooner cutting through the waters of New England, where America began. It is the finest cruising area in the world. Don't cut yourself out. Line up a few friends. Tell them, if that's what they care about, that *Cyrano* has television (closed-circuit), air conditioning, three private cabins, piano, Hi-Fi, separate galley, sailfish, radio-telephone, 25 HP dinghy, captain, first mate, cook. If your friends are sailors, tell them there's 2400 square feet of sail, that she'll do ten knots on a beam reach, that the generator can't be heard from the steering section, that she'll do 900 miles under power at 9 knots, is wonderfully steady with 18 feet of beam, and has auto pilot, loran, and radar. If your friends love adventure and companionship and fun just tell them when to report for duty. They'll always be grateful to you.

Reserve *Cyrano* now: for a week, a fortnight, a month during the summer or fall. Write or wire your yacht broker. Or Caribbean Enterprises, Inc., Dept. C, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.



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2 Money Disasters That Could Strike on Saturday

(one of them could happen sooner!)

18 defensive investments and 6 complete investment plans that investment consultant Harry Browne believes will make money for you *whether or not* these disasters strike.

WHILE MILLIONS of Americans were jazz-dancing their way into bankruptcy during the 20s, a smaller number were preparing for a rainy day. And rain it did – for ten years.

But for the farsighted few who knew what they had to do early in 1929 (take their cash out of the banks before it was too late . . . sell short . . . provide for themselves while the going was good)–for these sensible people, the Depression wasn't all that bad. Indeed, some of them *made fortunes!*

Well, Harry Browne says the signs are here again. (The signs are nothing more than a shrewd assembly of today's headlines.) If you were shaken by the financial events of the past few months, this book will offer you little solace. Browne sees worse things on the horizon. But he tells you exactly how to preserve your assets and actually multiply them in the darkest hours.

And he shows you what the effect will be on you, your job or business, your personal finances, your family . . . shows you what *your* plan should be in each crisis – but *always in light of the devaluation that is now inevitable:*

☐ *Continued Inflation.* What will have to happen to the supply of paper money if the present spiral continues. What this means to you. What steps to take right now, while there is time. What drastic measures you should avoid.

☐ *Short-Term Recession.* Popular hedges. What will happen to prices. Effects upon business. What this means to you. Certain profit sources that may remain intact.

☐ ***Depression.*** **Will the next depression be deeper and longer than the last one? What will happen to personal credit? What this means to you. The collapse of the welfare state. Little-known protective measures.**

☐ ***Runaway Inflation.*** **Guidelines to use if paper becomes totally worthless. The only way out. A precaution you must start to think about today.**

The very thought of these crippling events can numb the most determined investor. But those who lose from devaluation *will be those who do nothing.* Or who accept conventional investment advice. Those few who come out ahead will be those who are not afraid to stand apart from the crowd. *Who have taken the trouble NOW to understand why devaluation makes investing and protecting your money a whole new ball game.*

Plain-Language Advice Any Layman Can Understand — and Act On

Because an investor (or anyone with just a savings or a checking account) cannot survive a devaluation without a solid understanding of the nature of our money system and just what happens to it in devaluation, Harry Browne spells it out in clear, everyday language free of technical jargon. He calls on his vast knowledge of economics, history, crowd psychology, and the way a welfare state misbehaves in a time of crisis, to show you that we may expect *several* economic cataclysms *before* the devaluation that is bound to come.

How To Achieve Your Financial Goals — in Spite of Devaluation... And *Because* of It!

While unwily investors all around you are losing their shirts because of devaluation, there's absolutely no reason for you to share their plight. That's why we call *How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation* a "selfish" book.

Browne's surefooted plan of defense and offense consists of 6 investments, designed to give you:

- Good growth (not necessarily maximum growth) in assets *during the present cycle.*
- Protection, liquidity, flexibility and buying power *in the next depression.*
- Safety and rebuilding power if we have *a runaway inflation.*
- An excellent profit from *the devaluation itself.*
- Peace of mind—*no matter what happens.*

This 6-investment program can work for you whether you can write a check for $5,000 or $100,000. Indeed, Browne breaks down the investment opportunities according to your present assets, shows you exactly how much to put into each of these investments:

1. Cash in dollars. How much you need on hand. Where to keep it. What to do about your checking account. Where NOT to keep a savings account.

2. Swiss francs. Their special strengths. How to convert your dollars to Swiss francs easily. How to open a Swiss-franc bank account. Addresses and procedures. Laws.

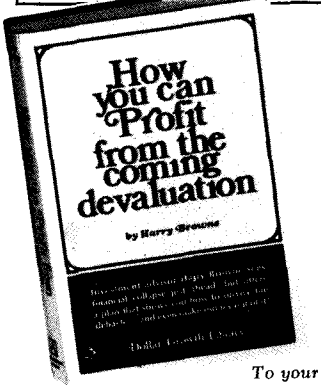
3. Silver coins. Numismatic value. Spending money. How much to keep in silver coins. Melting. Where to store. Where to buy.

4. Silver bullion. How to use leverage to buy. Who will sell you bullion.

5. Gold stocks. How this will profit you through 3 economic crises.

6. Retreat. Why you need one. How to acquire a safe one.

TAX DEDUCTIBLE. If you maintain an investment portfolio, this book can qualify as a tax-deductible expense, as information you use for investment decisions.



Risk-Free Examination

Mail $5.95 with coupon below for *How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation.* Return it within 30 days if not pleased, for full refund plus *extra money* to reimburse you for return postage. Mail to your bookseller or: Arlington House Publishers, 81 Centre Ave., New Rochelle, New York 10801.

THE INVESTMENT PROGRAM — BASED UPON AMOUNT OF ASSETS

Item	Amount of Money to be Used $5,000	$10,000	$20,000	$50,000	$100,000	$1,000,000
Cash in dollars						
Swiss francs						
Silver coins						
Silver bullion						
Gold stocks						
Retreat						
Other investments						

How much money would you allot to each investment? Write in your figures, then check with Harry Browne's advice on page 169 of HOW YOU CAN PROFIT FROM THE COMING DEVALUATION.

Investment	Inflation	Recession	Depression	Runaway Inflation	Devaluation
Bonds					
Cash, savings accounts					
Commodities					
Diamonds, etc.					
Gold bullion					
Gold coins					
Gold stocks					
Life insurance					
Mortgages					
Real estate, income					
Real estate, land					
Real estate, residential					
Retirement plans					
Short selling					
Silver bullion					
Silver coins					
Silver stocks					
Stocks, mutual funds					
Swiss francs					

What do you think of the chances for each investment during the 5 economic crises? Write in your answers, then check page 146 of How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation. Browne evaluates each one, grades it from "Very good" to "Worthless" and tells exactly why.

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New Rochelle, New York 10801

Send, postpaid, Harry Browne's *How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation.* I enclose $5.95, and will allow 2 weeks for delivery. If not pleased, I may return book within 30 days of delivery for full refund plus extra money to cover my return postage.

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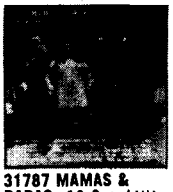
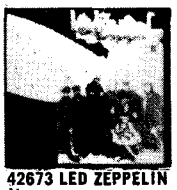


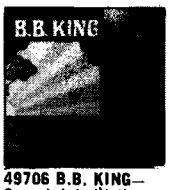
31787 MAMAS & PAPAS—16 *Great Hits*
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS

42665 CROSBY, STILLS & NASH
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS,

33077 JOAN BAEZ—
One Day At A Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



42673 LED ZEPPELIN II
Atlan LP, 8TR



49706 B.B. KING—
Completely Well
Blues LP, 8TR, CASS

44368 PAUL MAURIAT
—*Midnight Cowboy*
Phil LP, 8TR, CASS

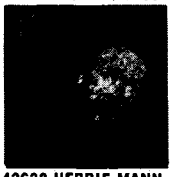
30602 JACKSON FIVE
—*I Want You Back*
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

42693 KING CRIMSON
Atlan LP, 8TR

33032 IAN & SYLVIA
—Nashville
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

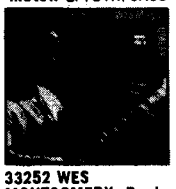
17317 CASALS—
Plays Beethoven
Phil LP

34525 HELLO DOLLY
TwenCen LP, 8TR, CASS



42638 HERBIE MANN
Memphis Underground
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

33495 BLIND FAITH
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



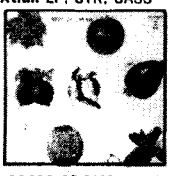
33252 WES MONTGOMERY—Best
River LP, 8TR, CASS

31799 THREE DOG NIGHT—It Ain't Easy
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS

15116 HANDEL—
Jephtha
Vangu LP (3 records)

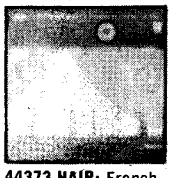
17263 GREGORIAN CHANT
Phili LP

44365 JACQUES BREL
—If You Go Away
Phili LP



33486 CREAM—Best of Cream
Atco LP, 8TR

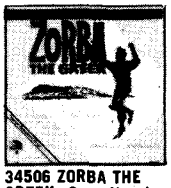
42577 RASCALS-Great Hits Time Peace
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



44373 HAIR: French Original Cast
Phil LP

16759 TCHAIKOVSKY
—1812 Overture
Mercu LP

67503 SMITH—
Minus—Plus
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



34506 ZORBA THE GREEK—Soundtrack
TwCen LP, 8TR, CASS

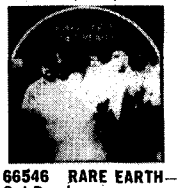
33065 JOAN BAEZ—
David's Album
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

30606 TEMPTATIONS
Psychedelic Shack
Gordy LP, 8TR, CASS

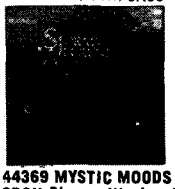
33078 WEAVERS—
On Tour
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

17042 BEETHOVEN:
Piano Sonatas/
Richter **Phil** LP

33083 COUNTRY JOE & FISH—CJ Fish
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS.



66546 RARE EARTH—
Get Ready
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS



44369 MYSTIC MOODS ORCH. Stormy Weekend
Merc LP, 8TR, CASS

17238 BERLIOZ—
Te Deum—London Sym.
Phili LP

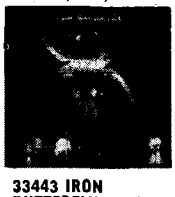
31795 RICHARD HARRIS—Love Album
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

48782 APPLAUSE
—Original Cast
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS

33487 BEST OF BEE GEES
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

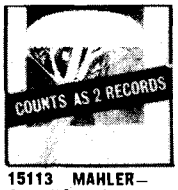
42703—ARETHA FRANKLIN—This Girl's In Love With You
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

17049 SIBELIUS
—Sym #2 Concert-gebouw/Szell
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS

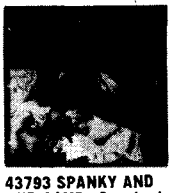


33443 IRON BUTTERFLY—In A Gadda-Da-Vida
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

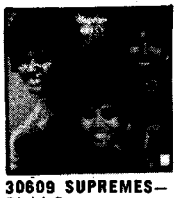
31781 THREE DOG NIGHT—Suitable for Framing
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



15113 MAHLER—
Sym #3 Utah Sym
Vangu LP (2 records)

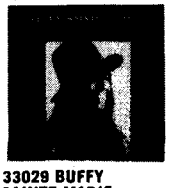


43793 SPANKY AND OUR GANG—Greatest Hits
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS

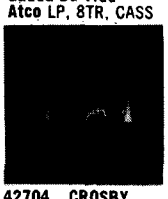


30609 SUPREMES—
Right On
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

17064 MOZART: Sym Nos. 25, 29, 32—
Lon. Sym, Davis
Phil LP

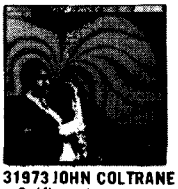


33029 BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE
—Gonna Be A Country Girl Again
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



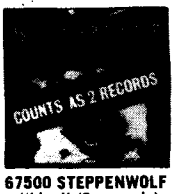
42704 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG—Deja Vu
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

44195 FOUR SEASONS—Gold Vault of Hits
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS



31973 JOHN COLTRANE
—Selflessness
Impul LP

30601 DIANA ROSS & SUPREMES—
Greatest Hits 3
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



67500 STEPPENWOLF
—"Live" (2 records)
Dunhi LP

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CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS? LP's OR TAPES, INCLUDING CARTRIDGE AND CASSETTE TAPES?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES! Choose any LP or tape on any label! No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including Capitol, Columbia, RCA, Angel, London, etc.
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	10	12	6	12	6	NONE! No obligations! No yearly quota! Take as many, as few, or nothing at all if you so decide!
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	$49.80 to $59.80	$59.76 to $71.76	$35.70 to $41.70	$83.76 to $95.40	$41.70 to $47.70	ZERO DOLLARS You don't have to spend a penny—because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record or tape!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! Your discount up to 79% OFF. Guaranteed never less than a third! No exceptions!
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS OR TAPES?	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records and tapes you want are sent and only when you ask us to send them.
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG WAITS! Your order processed same day received. No shipping on cycle.

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Peter, Paul & Mary— Album 1700	War	4.98	**2.49**
Herb Alpert—Greatest Hits	A&M	4.98	**2.49**
Creedence Clearwater Revival—Willy & Poorboys	Fant	4.98	**2.49**
The Beatles—Let It Be	Apple	6.98	**3.49**
Hair—Original B'way Cast	RCA	5.98	**2.99**
Tom Jones—Tom	Parrot	5.98	**2.99**
Paul McCartney—McCartney	Apple	5.98	**2.99**
Jose Feliciano—Fireworks	RCA	4.98	**2.49**
Glen Campbell—Oh Happy Day	Cap	5.98	**2.99**
Barbra Streisand—Greatest Hits	Col	5.98	**2.99**
Miles Davis—Bitches Brew	Col	6.98	**3.49**
Leontyne Price—Verdi Heroines	RCA	6.98	**3.49**

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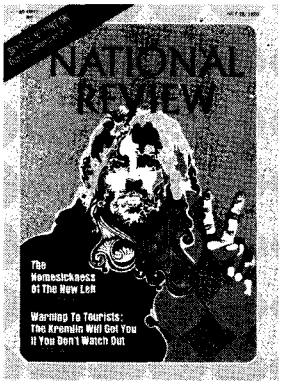
IN THIS ISSUE

■ **Gerhart Niemeyer**, professor of Government and International Studies at Notre Dame, contributes what may be the most cogent analysis of the philosophical underpinning of New Leftist ideology yet to appear in print. . . . **Josef Powiansky** is a shadowy figure, a legend in his own lifetime. Some say he is a Ukrainian count, others that he is a Eurasian, the illegitimate son of the Dowager Empress of China who, it is reported, developed a deep passion for Powiansky's father, a Polish colonel of Cavalry. The facts of Josef Powiansky's life are exceedingly difficult to pin down. His name seems to appear in most of the turbulent periods of twentieth-century history. Many swear that he is the same gallant Powiansky who fought for the Whites in Ukraine under Denikin and who later joined Yudenich in the drive from Estonia to the outskirts of Petrograd, in the last great White offensive. Later, they say, Powiansky escaped to the Crimea, fought with Baron Wrangel until the war ended in 1920, then took out Polish citizenship. In 1939, so the story goes, under the command of General Kleeberg, Powiansky participated in the last great cavalry charge, mounted Poles with lances against Nazi panzer divisions. At present, no one is certain just where Powiansky is, but one usually reliable source reports that he lives in Paris, where he teaches French to wealthy American widows. In this issue, Powiansky surfaces briefly to write on Russia, a country to which he still makes frequent clandestine visits. . . . **Priscilla Buckley** takes up the strangely neglected cause of the American prisoners in North Vietnam. Her latest non-*NR* piece, "African Safari," will appear in the September issue of *Harper's Bazaar*. Better get your copy immediately. In Manhattan they're already queuing up at the newsstands. . . . **Hugh Kenner** tells us of Terracina. Professor Kenner's latest book, *The Pound Era*, described by another *NR* favorite, Guy Davenport, as "one of the most beautiful books in the world," will be published later this year. . . . **John Thompson**, freelance writer and world traveler, reports from Pnompenh that no one misses Sihanouk, no one at all. . . . **Frank Meyer** sorrowfully but dutifully examines the apparent conversion to radicalism of one of our oldest friends and finest writers, Garry Wills.



■ **Cecil Osbaine,** who reviews Gunnar Myrdal's latest, is the pen name of a career diplomat with extensive experience in the foreign service. . . . A revised and updated edition of *The Future of Conservatism* by reviewer **M. Stanton Evans** has been issued in paperback by Anchor Doubleday. Mr. Evans is finishing up another book, *Conservatism and Freedom*, to be published by Arlington House. . . . **David Brudnoy** writes on Andrew Hacker, and **Francis Russell** and **Richard Corliss** go to the movies.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Democratic machines in a number of states shattered by announcement that AFL-CIO COPE (Committee on Political Education) will not conduct its usual major voter registration drives this year. COPE official **Al Barkan** says his group will concentrate on getting union members (rather than Democrats at large) to register. Barkan comes up with startling fact that over 50 per cent of union members are not registered. COPE's decision could hurt **Jess Unruh** in California where a splintered party has done little to register new voters . . . Unruh very upset by **Frank Sinatra** endorsement of **Ronald Reagan**. Sinatra, a lifelong Democrat, apparently hasn't forgiven Unruh for his nonsupport of **Hubert Humphrey** two years ago. . . . Only one Republican among twelve congressmen or would-be congressmen will get financial support from the Student Peace Commencement Fund which has raised $70,000 for peace candidates. He's **Daniel Button**, a liberal Republican from the Albany area, sycophant-biographer of **John Lindsay**. . . . Overlooked in recent New York primary, fact that very liberal Republican Congressman **Ogden Reid** (of the *Herald-Tribune* family) just squeaked through to renomination against conservative **Michael Coffey** who will be running anyway in Nov. on Conservative ticket. . . . Getting nasty: **Richard Ottinger**, the Democratic senatorial nominee in New York, telling crowds "I am no Charlie-Come-Lately to the cause of peace," in obvious reference to **Charles Goodell**'s switcheroo on Vietnam after he got to the Senate. Actually, Ottinger has also switched.

■ Shifts and shaftings at the White House: The word is that **George Schultz**, now working out of White House executive offices as head of new Office of Management and Budget, is rising fast; becoming ever more influential with the President. Conservatives worried about this, about **Robert Finch** appointment, and also by recent departure of conservative economist **Roger Freeman**, a Presidential adviser, and expected departures in near future of **Robert Mayo** (Director of the Budget) and Presidential counsellor **Bryce Harlow**, good conservatives all. . . . Another who may soon be on his way, say insiders, is **Daniel Patrick Moynihan.**

Hollowood, *Sunday Telegraph*, London
Ben Roth Agency

". . . and those among you who substituted 'our three shilling loaf' for 'our daily bread' ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourselves."

■ The Party in Search of a Candidate, dusting off a few new names to see how they click. Careful readings show boomlets developing for **John W. Gardner** whose name (you watch) appears everywhere all the time, usually mouthing well-turned platitudes, but who says all the right things to and about all the right people. His credentials, former HEW Secretary in a Democratic Administration, are good, although he's technically a Republican. . . . Also, **Ramsey Clark**, former Attorney General, whose name is starting to appear in the public opinion polls (whom you would like to see running in '72). . . . And Sen. **Birch Bayh**, who moved into the limelight by heading the fights against **Haynsworth** and **Carswell**, by sponsoring the direct election amendment, and whose latest move is to head group of 86 senators who have signed joint denunciation of Hanoi for its treatment of U.S. prisoners of war. Another Bayh advantage—he's a Kennedy-man.

■ Blow to the West: tragic death last week (in a fire) of Iceland Prime Minister **Bjarni Benediktsson.** He was instrumental in bringing Iceland into NATO, was most conservative politician in a leftist state. . . . Much in the news last week, Greek composer **Mikis Theodorakis**, who arrived in New York as self-named delegate to UN World Youth Assembly (he's 45), and who walked out when the official Greek delegation was seated. Theodorakis (who wrote scores of *Zorba*, *Z*) was characterized by much of the press and TV as a Greek leftist who is anti-the repressive Greek government. In fact he is a Communist and a member of the Lambrakis Youth Movement—the equivalent, in Greece, of the W. E. DuBois Clubs here. . . . In trouble, those two peaceniks who hijacked the munitions ship *Columbia Eagle* to Cambodia in March as gesture against the war, and got asylum from Prince **Sihanouk**. They've now been indicted by a federal grand jury in Los Angeles and could be extradited by the now friendly Cambodian government of Gen. **Lon Nol**.

■ Note of the times: *Cue* Magazine characterizes the movies it reviews each week with symbols for: "outstanding," "recommended," "recommended revival," "suitable for children." In week of June 20 it reviewed 196 movies in New York area, found exactly one (*A Boy Named Charlie Brown*) "suitable for children."

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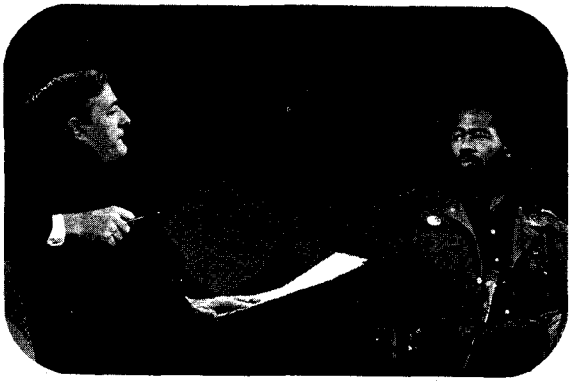

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LETTERS

More and More on McSloy

I wish to applaud the recent articles by Mr. Yermakov [June 2] and Mr. McSloy [June 30].

I agree with what Mr. McSloy has to say about rock. Much of rock music is incredibly good; much of it is incredibly bad. As with most things in life, however, the search for the good and the rewards conveyed upon finding it more than compensate for the transitory bad encountered on the way.

Your two young writers are indeed a valuable asset. They show it is possible to be young in the "now" idiom and be conservative.

Farmville, Va. ROBERT BISSELL

McSloy, you illiterate! You missed two "yips" and three "moos" in the chorus of "Get a Job."

Birmingham, Ala. JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY JR.

Congratulations to Mr. Buckley for offering McSloy a platform, and to Mr. McSloy for extricating himself nicely from his own petard. Ralph J. Gleason he ain't, and one could disagree with some of his examples on grounds of personal taste, but his Rock Primer for the Right was sincere and well-written.

I agree with Mr. Brudnoy that *NR* can discuss issues like marijuana without whoring after youth. Can and should, because the beat of rock and the smell of *cannabis* are ubiquitous. All of us must come to terms with them in some fashion. And, along with Bach and booze, they may turn out to be good things. As for Neil McCaffrey and his hysterical (in both senses) letter, if he really *were* a jazz buff and if he had ever listened to groups like Blood, Sweat and Tears, he'd realize that some of these hairy freaks are treating the music he and I love with reverence and a sense of its tradition.

Sure some of it was and is bad. But nobody drew a line when Bill Haley first opened his mouth and said, "After this, the deluge." And I think you're missing a great deal, Mr. McCaffrey, if you don't clean the nostalgia from your ears and listen.

St. Petersburg Beach, Fla. RICHARD F. HILL

I hate soft-cover issues about music. The illimitable naïvetés somehow disgorge me onto the same shores where the boy McSloys must have their joys and the Rickenbackers their sorrows.

McSloy didn't mention the joy of Bob Dylan's dictional effect. When I didn't know his name he sounded like someone who could go from Arthur Godfrey to Leadbelly. Of course now that I know "*who* he is" it's not fun-listening.

Re John Cage: "One can only feel sad for this inventive and visionary mind that has chosen self-exile." Aw stop it, man. He emancipated composers from the *notes* and created a pure experimentalistic music. If that's "pointless" it's about as pointless as empiricism itself. Is it a composer's fault if history has not conditioned his audience to sufficiently appreciate his music? And, is it an audience's fault if history has not conditioned a composer to sufficient appreciation of their needs?

New York, N.Y. JOHN BENSON BROOKS

Just as Mr. McSloy finds the supercilious attitude of anti-rock people irritating, I find his (and many others of his dedication) semireligious attitude toward rock rather silly. The lyrics he cites are hardly *that* good, the music is hardly *that* excellent that it should bring on such a frenzy of feeling. Most of us find that music is essential to our lives—but all kinds of music, not just one type. I would hate to think that my musical enjoyment was limited to one type alone. Who is the more narrow—McSloy with his rock or those of us who find rock as something less than the end and be-all of life?

Buffalo, N.Y. ELIZABETH DAWSON

Kerensky: Another View

Your obituary editorial on Alexander Kerensky went along with the "harsh" judgment of some unnamed professor that he "was a senile old man in 1917." Aside from the absurdity of that verdict, I am old-fashioned enough to be shocked by heartlessness at the graveside of a friend, your friend as well as mine. For all his faults, Kerensky was a man of great nobility who erred on the side of honest idealism, then fought for 52 years against our common enemy.

The allegation of youthful "senility" rests on the assumption that Kerensky, as you say, "had the power to stop the Bolsheviks." Concretely, it indicts him for not having shot Lenin, Trotsky, and a few more Bolshevik leaders. This is hindsight, ignoring the nature and realities of the initial revolution in 1917. Lenin, Stalin and Hitler have so accustomed us to political homicide that Kerensky's unwillingness or inability to kill off the main enemies of Provisional Government—and the Leninists were not the only ones plotting to seize control—today seems not only weak but bizarre. But at that stage wholesale blood-letting was not yet routine and abstaining from it not yet senility.

In his four months as Prime Minister, Kerensky, even if he were willing, decidely did *not* have the power of random slaughter. There was a parallel government, the Petrograd Soviet, in which the Bolsheviks and their close allies held the leverage. Besides, his associates in the Provisional setup would not have sanctioned political executions. A successful Leninist coup d'état, so logical to hindsight, still appeared unlikely not only to the Provisional Ministers but to the Bolsheviks themselves.

To blame him as cruelly as you do suggests ignorance of the facts of 1917. It was a period of romantic, humanist, ultra-democratic and rhetorical sentiment. Kerensky was catapulted to the top precisely because he personified that mood. Had he been the kind of leader who could resort to executions, he would not have emerged to head a democratic, law-oriented, idealistic regime, and the Russian people would have been denied even the memory of one brief period of genuine freedom. From his own viewpoint in that time, the rejection of murder as a political weapon, the refusal to countenance peasant and other mob action outside the law, and the attempt to persevere in the Western alliance against Germany were not "weakness" but moral strength.

As to the implication of cowardice ("fled from his doomed country into exile"), the editorial merely echoes standard Kremlin propaganda. Actually Kerensky, knowing that he would be killed if caught, secretly returned to Russia twice in 1918 in the forlorn hope of rallying the people against the unfolding terror. The "weakness" of the Provincial regime—its commitment to freedom under law—proved a disaster for Russia and the world. But to impugn Kerensky's sanity is unfair and unjustified.

New York, N.Y. EUGENE LYONS

N.B., Bilodeau

Please, please, more from Mr. Douglas Bilodeau ["Notes & Asides," June 30]. He was, of course, not only articulate and astute, as you rightfully credited him, but exceedingly uncommon as well. Tom McSloy aside, it's comforting to know that not everyone of the young generation is going to the dogs.

Atlanta, Ga. ELIZABETH RIETZ

Dishonored Degree

Regarding "Gaudeamus Igitur" ["The Week," June 30], *NR* will be pleased to note that "the long-distance swimmer of Chappaquiddick" fared far less well at Mount Holyoke College than at BU. While MHC's commencement exercises were overshadowed in the press by the regrettable pyrotechnics at Harvard, Yale, Wilson, etc., nonetheless, its class of 1970 had the rare privilege of witnessing Senator Kennedy relieve himself on the platform of a copious amount of anti-Nixon spleen. At no point was he interrupted by applause, and fewer than a dozen out of four hundred seniors rose to give him the customary standing ovation. After the recessional, some of the

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faculty were heard to express dismay at the Senator's paucity of taste as well as of content; moreover, several students who had earlier considered working for Kennedy's re-election remarked that such a petty man was not worth the effort.

MRS. REBECCA F. WENGER

New Haven, Conn.

Neglections

Because he fails to include the Suez Canal in his discussion [June 30], Mr. Meyer suffers from the same "failure of clarity" he notes in most Mideastern debates. Without the "connecting link" of the Canal, the U.S.-Soviet cold war in the Mediterranean and the Israeli-Arab hot war nearby would be related only geographically. More U.S. jets for Israel would do the U.S. and NATO more harm (in Arab ill-will) than good if the Israelis didn't have the Soviet-desired Canal to use them against. Yes, Mr. Meyer, in this sense, "the enemies of our enemies are our friends."

Houston, Texas MARK PAYNE

I generally find the Delectations page a charming section of NATIONAL REVIEW, but I was horrified by that of June 16. What Mr. Burgess neglects to mention in his romantic account of the Bequia whale fishery is the fact that the global populations of the large whales have reached a dangerously low level. This condition, coupled with the fact that any product obtained from whales can be manufactured synthetically, means that drop in the demand for whale products should be applauded. In any case, at a time when the whale population approaches endangered species status, while fishing, either by traditional means or the modern methods of the California fisheries, is not "a grand way to earn some pocket money"—it is wanton waste.

Montross, Va. LEE E. BRITTON

Mideast Edit: Pro and Con

May I commend you on your judiciously reasoned editorial, "Decision or Drift," [June 16]. When some months ago a similar editorial appeared on the Mideast situation in *NR*, I was amazed subsequently to see a following note stating that not a single letter of agreement had come in. The lamentable situation must be rectified, even if only to the tune of one letter this time.

New York, N.Y. NICKOLAS LUPININ

Regarding your recent editorial on the Middle East ["Decision or Drift," *NR*, June 16]: While you neatly pose the problem of insuring Israel's survival without driving the Arabs into the Communist camp, your solution is as impractical as it is pleasant to the ear.

You suggest that the answer lies in the enforcement of the UN Security Council resolution of November 22, 1967. According to this solution, Israel's security is supposed to be guaranteed by the Arabs "calling off the state of belligerency with Israel."

(Continues on page 801)

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And if you make a $10 contribution to the California Bi-Centennial Foundation, you'll receive an exact silver replica of the famous medallion.

It was on the moon! Imagine owning this historic medallion and the authenticating letter signed by Neil Armstrong that comes with it! How much is it worth? Hundreds? Thousands? Millions? *Nobody knows!* It's literally priceless! The winner will be envied by millions around the world. What museum wouldn't love to own it? What great coin collector wouldn't give his all just to possess it? Yet all you have to do is send us your name and address! If your name is drawn at the California State Fair on September 9, 1970 by Lt. Governor Ed Reinecke, you will be flown to California and presented with the medallion by the Lt. Governor himself!

Sponsored by CALIFORNIA BI-CENTENNIAL FOUNDATION, a charitable organization to which contributions are tax deductible.

HOWEVER, YOU DO NOT HAVE TO MAKE A CONTRIBUTION IN ORDER TO HAVE YOUR NAME ENTERED IN THE SWEEPSTAKES.

If you make a contribution of $10.00 or more to the California Bi-Centennial Foundation you will be made a Patron of the Foundation... and... it is the policy of the Foundation to give each Patron a replica of the medallion that Neil Armstrong took to the moon. Contributions will help to create an aero-space scholarship fund in honor of and approved by Astronaut Neil Armstrong himself.

What's the replica like? It's exact in every way to the medallion that was on the moon ...Exact in size, exact in silver content (.99 silver)! It commemorates the two-hundredth anniversary of the Golden State. What a wonderful bit of history to proudly own and pass on to your children as a family heirloom! What a magnificent addition to any coin or medallion collection! And what a thoughtful and patriotic gift it makes for births, confirmations, graduations and birthdays!

But remember, only a limited quantity of these magnificent silver works of numismatic art were struck. When they're gone there will be no more—forever!

No contribution need be made in order to have your name entered in the sweepstakes, however, exact replicas of this famous medallion are only being given to those making contributions of $10 or more to the Foundation.

No contribution need be made in order to have your name entered in the sweepstakes, however, exact replicas of this famous medallion are only being given to those making contributions of $10 or more to the Foundation.

Astronaut Neil Armstrong giving the historic medallion that he took to the moon to Lt. Governor Reinecke, President of the California Bi-Centennial Foundation. The Lt. Governor will present this actual medallion to the winner.

Official medallion of the California Bi-Centennial Celebration Commission.

SIZE: 1½".
CONTENT: .99 Silver.

This sweepstakes offer is void in Missouri, Washington, Wisconsin, Georgia, Idaho and Maryland and wherever prohibited or restricted by law. However, by making a contribution of $10.00 or more, you may become a Patron of the Foundation and receive a replica of this famous medallion. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

To: California Bi-Centennial Foundation
Box 60036, Terminal Annex
Los Angeles, California 90060

Please enter my name in the Sweepstakes to win the actual medallion that went to the moon with Neil Armstrong and his certificate.

I enclose my check for _____* as a contribution to the California Bi-Centennial Foundation. I understand that, according to the policy of the Foundation, each Patron (those making contributions of $10 or more) will be given an exact replica of the medallion that Neil Armstrong took to the moon. Make all checks payable to California Bi-Centennial Foundation. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, August 31, 1970.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

*YOU DO NOT HAVE TO MAKE A CONTRIBUTION IN ORDER TO HAVE YOUR NAME ENTERED IN THE SWEEPSTAKES.

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THE WEEK

■ Mr. Chet Huntley reveals in the current *Life* his secret thoughts. About Nixon: 1) "The shallowness of the man overwhelms me; the fact that he is President frightens me." On Spiro Agnew: 2) ". . . Agnew is appealing to the most base of elements. The networks almost created him, for God's sake." And on the network news programs: 3) "It deeply concerns me that 55 per cent of the American people are getting most of their news from TV. These are people who, for the most part, are being confronted with news for the first time. And these are the people who form the Agnew claque." And it occurs to us that all that gallimaufry adds up to is that 1) the people who like Agnew do so because 2) they get their news from the television networks and know that Agnew's criticism are just, and 3) were always able to see through the shallow impartiality of such as Chet Huntley.

■ The bargaining between the United Automobile Workers and the auto companies has begun, but a strike is likely before a contract is signed. Only a punishing showdown would seem able to resolve three critical factors: 1) Leonard Woodcock, the new UAW President, will have to confirm his legitimacy by drawing enemy blood; 2) the auto workers will feel cheated if they don't get at least as much as the huge raises in the big settlements already signed this year; 3) the companies are in a cost squeeze that has already driven Chrysler and American Motors close to bankruptcy, and in the prevailing economic climate there is a limit to the price increases they can pass on to their consumers. Ergo: Strike.

■ John Kenneth Galbraith has the lead piece in the current *Harper*'s, and calls it, "Who Needs the Democrats?" The meaning of that title is obvious to all Galbraith-watchers, and a few others. It says—the Democratic Party has become stale, offering stale solutions to real problems, and if the Democratic Party wants to be needed, it ought to offer real solutions which, uh, I, Galbraith, will now suggest to you. The piece is a masterful literary-polemical performance ("One day Joseph Alsop had an epistle from the Pentagon; the generals were conceiving a new missile gap and Joe was already several months pregnant . . ."). The solutions (one hundred-odd pages later) add up to exuberant big government, laced with libertarian rhetoric, and disdain for private property and economic freedom. Moreover, it must be understood that these are the *"only available remedies"*—taxing the rich, nationalizing industries, regulating private enterprise, limiting consumption, redeeming power and policy from military and civilian bureaucracy." You gotta hand it to Galbraith, he can make it sound good even if all he is doing is reciting Beatrice Webb. And he made it sound just as good back when he was writing speeches for candidate Jack Kennedy, deploring the missile gap.

■ The Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party announced on July 13 that the 24th Party Congress will be held next March. The announcement said nothing further, but Soviet readers knew that, 1) Party Secretary Leonid Brezhnev had stated as recently as July 2 that the congress would meet "this year," 2) the last congress was held in March 1966, and 3) the Party statutes require one to meet every four years. Past experience of previous postponements suggests that the cause is unresolved difficulties in Soviet affairs—in this case, probably the even worse than usual economic performance and an inability to agree on the terms of the new Five Year Plan—plus an internal leadership squabble. There is a rumor that Brezhnev, who took over from Khrushchev in 1964 as the man who would correct the failures that had led to K's ouster, feels his own record so far is not impressive enough to guarantee he won't follow K into forced retirement, and wants more time to try to pretty it up a bit.

■ UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE WEEK: "We do not want to sound immodest, but I can say that if China is admitted to the United Nations, then world affairs will be positively settled."—Chen Yi, Red China's foreign minister.

■ Tulips, a mysterious doorman, doctored pictures . . . just part of Alexander Dubcek's intriguing stint as Ambassador to Turkey. Holland, home of the tulip, was going to name a new tulip after Dubcek. Then suddenly it couldn't be done; people suspected the Russians. Next the new ambassador was given a Czech doorman. Save for the Russians—who everyone admits are the world's best doormen—the Czechs are the only ones to do this; again people thought the Russians were being extra vigilant. Then came a picture of two people intercoursing. The people were supposed to be Dubcek and his mistress; others claim the picture was doctored. We know it was doctored, having had the undoctored version for

They've Got A Little List

I wonder if the kids who grin
Whenever Russia scores a win
Have ever read about the fate
Of kooks who open up the gate?
Instead of being reimbursed,
They're always liquidated *first*.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Arsenal of Appeasement

155mm. Fulbright Howitzer—lightweight and highly mobile; can be disassembled and quickly withdrawn from any area of the free world threatened with Communist aggression—no matter how far away it is.

The Goodell Grenade Launcher—equipped with unique backfire device, advantageous because it enables Our Boys to get home from anywhere well ahead of any planned withdrawal.

Cooper-Church Heavy Supply Truck—can operate under a wide variety of topographical and climatic conditions. Helps prevent unnecessary extension of conflict by functioning only in reverse gear after June 30 of each year.

The F-112 Javits Fighter-Bomber—unsuitable for use in the tropics where it has the tendency to cause World War III but ideal for protecting dry desert regions and votes.

McGovern Binocular—guaranteed to limit vision of campaign theater to the immediate combat zone. Effectively blurs out enemy supply bases and staging areas therefore making the field of military operations smaller and automatically creating fewer casualties.

Cronkite Tetaphone—transmits physical victories in the field back to the United States in the form of psychological defeats. Useful for preventing infectious morale buildup on the home front.

Six-ton Armored Peace-Feeler—A modified medium tank with the ugly, provocative barrel replaced by a simple aperture through which the soldier sticks his hand and waves an olive branch. If the enemy fails to cease fire after four or five years, check all internal mechanisms for malfunction and try, try again.

Four-legged Dark Walnut Harriman Negotiating Table—the ultimate weapon. Comes in a variety of shapes and can be set up anywhere in the world. Effective in bringing about ". . . peace in our time" if operated by a skilled diplomat who is not mentally hobbled by the "old myth" that surrender is synonymous with a threat to our security.

—STEPHEN THOMPSON

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a few years, unwilling to unveil it because of puritanical attitudes on matters sexual that we are now blessedly liberated from. The picture was of a Communist leader but not Dubcek. It was Nikita Khrushchev and Olive Oyl in the back of the UN, the den of all iniquities, right before he made a speech and tried to put his shoe on at the same time.

■ He was 67 years old. The sentence was for life. He was kept for twelve years in one small room. His Bible was taken from him. Ten years ago, he was allowed to see his brother, very briefly. He couldn't say Mass. He heard no news. He didn't know about Vatican II, the changes in the liturgy (thank the Lord for small blessings), or that a man had stepped on the Moon. Then they decided to release him, and one day last week Bishop James Edward Walsh, 79, crossed a bridge into Hong Kong. The Chinese had decided he was too old and too sick to do them any more harm so they let him go? Not at all. Another of their American prisoners, Hugh Redmond, had committed suicide three months earlier—or that's the story they told, anyway—and to make the announcement of that death less conspicuous, they announced simultaneously that the old man could go.

■ Thousands strolling down the middle of Fifth Avenue on a hot summer day. Children playing. Birds singing. Bicycles everywhere. No cars. No buses. No fumes. Traffic is easily rerouted above and below the area. Happiness and merriment abound. A little bit of peace comes to New York every Saturday from now on. And in the middle of it all strides Mayor Lindsay, bowing to the applause from his subjects for one of the few truly good ideas he's come up with since his election in 1965.

■ Rep. William Scherle
House Office Bldg.
Washington, D.C. 20510
Dear Hon. Scherle:

I read in the recent NATIONAL REVIEW *Bulletin* that you complained to officials of the National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities about the payment of $750 to Aram Saroyan for the one word poem: "lighght."

I understand that the Foundation told you your "middle American background made you unqualified" to understand it.

I am taking this opportunity to thank you on behalf of us, the taxpayers, who footed this bill.

Will you kindly suggest to the Foundation that perhaps our "middle American background" makes us unqualified to pay taxes?

I have written a one word poem in answer to Saroyan's poem which, I feel, is worth $1,500 because even you and I can understand it: "shihit."

Sincerely,
E. R. Helfrich
4803 Coaltown Road
Moline, Ill.

P.S. Please send my check to the above address.

■ Even *they* aren't all bad. "Like, before the trip, I thought all that stuff about Communism was a lot of jive bull—American propaganda," says Bobby Colomby, drummer for Blood Sweat and Tears, a rock group recently returned from behind the Iron Curtain. "But now I know I could never live that way. You just wouldn't

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believe how those people are pushed down by their ideology—really oppressed, man."

■ Three suggestions for conservative students with time to spare this summer: 1) the College Young Republican National Federation Co-ordinator Schools, training sessions for college students who want to take leading roles in the fall campaigns. Washington, D.C., August 8-9 and 22-23; enrollment limited; write Morton Blackwell, CYRNF, 1625 Eye Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006. 2) "Youth in Politics" conferences, sponsored by Young Americans for Freedom to train members and non-members for fall campaigning. Various cities and dates; write Ron Dear, YAF, 1221 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20002. 3) Teen-Age Republicans camps, for high-schoolers; several locations; write Barbara Wells, TAR, 359 National Press Building, Washington, D.C. 20004.

■ The radical rich ooze along, seeking new downtrodden minorities to . . . patronize? exploit? pity? be made to feel guilty by? We're not sure, because we're not rich and the rich are not like you and me, at least not these rich. Just now they're in a tactical retreat after Tom Wolfe's blistering account (see "The Week," June 30) of the Radical Chic phenomenon, with particular reference to Leonard Bernstein's party for the Black Panthers. They have retreated to that old standby, the American Indian. Little Andy Stein, whose daddy bought him a seat in the New York Assembly, and who threw a big party for Snake Oil Chavez and the grape-strikers a while back, rounded up (from Hurts Rent-A-Cause?) some Indians, who came in coats and ties to daddy's summer place on Gin Lane in Southhampton and mingled with the rich, who came in fringe and beads and feathers (one wore an Aztec Squaw Dress, $350 from Giorgio di Sant' Angelo). One Indian traded coat and tie for an Authentic Indian Costume and did a dance, which however didn't cause the rain to fall; so no crops grew and American Indian Opportunity only managed to raise $3,000. But my dear, everybody felt so *good*. . . . And didn't a real-live sociologist say, "If the aristocracy does not disappear, it will be because it has given parties like this"? Ugh.

■ But then, anybody can sentimentalize over the Indians. President Nixon did last week, when he announced a Bold New Program to give them greater control over their own destiny, new bureaucrats to fuss over them, and more money. The standard rhetoric was all there: "centuries of injustice" . . . "oppressed and brutalized" . . . "the white man's aggression, broken agreements"; in short, a record of sins so heinous that only a fool would hope to expiate them with 37 million bucks, a new sub-cabinet post, 48,000 acres of New Mexico and not one single trinket or jug of firewater.

■ Cancer is the brand name of a cigarette marketed in Beaverton, Oregon by pharmacist Stanley Hartman. Sales have been brisk, believe it or not, but he's having trouble placing ads. One ad, thus far rejected by national magazines, shows a bald man teeing up a golf ball in a cemetery while smoking a Cancer. The caption reads: "This is Cancer Country." Another ad, run locally in Beaverton, reads: "If you have Cancer, extra length means nothing."

■ The Southern Minnesota District of the American Lutheran Church held its convention the other week on the University of Minnesota campus. At one point, all eight hundred delegates queued up to take Holy Communion—and were joined by a college-age couple who, yes, took off their clothes. The Rev. Gordon Dahl, head Lutheran at the U of M, said the six pastors who handed out the bread and wine should be "commended for keeping their cool"—especially the Rev. Sheldon Torgerson, who ministered the elements to the nude girl, and who afterward said "she was very devout." Not to mention cool. Surely at this very moment, somebody, somewhere, is working on some new Theses?

The Final Solution

De jure's forbidden; de facto's OK.
Stop fussing and feuding. They *want* it that way.
Instead of repeatedly blowing your cork.
Start swinging de facto, like folks in New York.

W. H. VON DREELE

Democratic Doldrums

When the reporters asked whether Richard Nixon was likely to be a one-term President, the unqualified answer was: "No." Well, isn't that what Rogers Morton or Spiro Agnew or Gerald Ford or Ronald Reagan or any other loyal Republican would say to any reporter, any day? It certainly is, but what made that no into news was that it was uttered by Mike Mansfield, who is the majority, that is the Democratic, leader of the Senate. And he went on with a still more shocking heresy: "We haven't come forward with a candidate of the stature that can match him."

Not the party's titular leader, the former Vice President and 1968 candidate for the Presidency? "Hubert has lost his platform and he needs to re-establish himself. I don't think he can come back in a two-year period." Not the heir to Camelot? "I think he was always out of the running for '72, even before Chappaquiddick." Following which, as David S. Broder reported it for the *Washington Post*, he dismissed the younger Senate dark horses, such as Harold Hughes of Iowa, Birch Bayh of Indiana and Walter Mondale of Minnesota, as men who "need to be seasoned a bit."

But surely there is the white hope from the rockbound coast and the pine trees, Mr. Clean himself, the senator from Maine? "He is the best man we have at the mo-

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Here's a terrific one-time-only opportunity: get your own copy of "Frankly Speaking," Vice President Spiro Agnew's controversial new book, FREE with your *National Review* subscription (new or renewal). Act now! Supply limited.

Vice President Spiro Agnew speaks out:

"I believe in constitutional dissent . . . But I do not believe that demonstrations, lawful or unlawful, merit my approval or even my silence . . ."

"A society which comes to fear its children is effete. A snivelling, hand-wringing power structure deserves the violent rebellion it encourages."

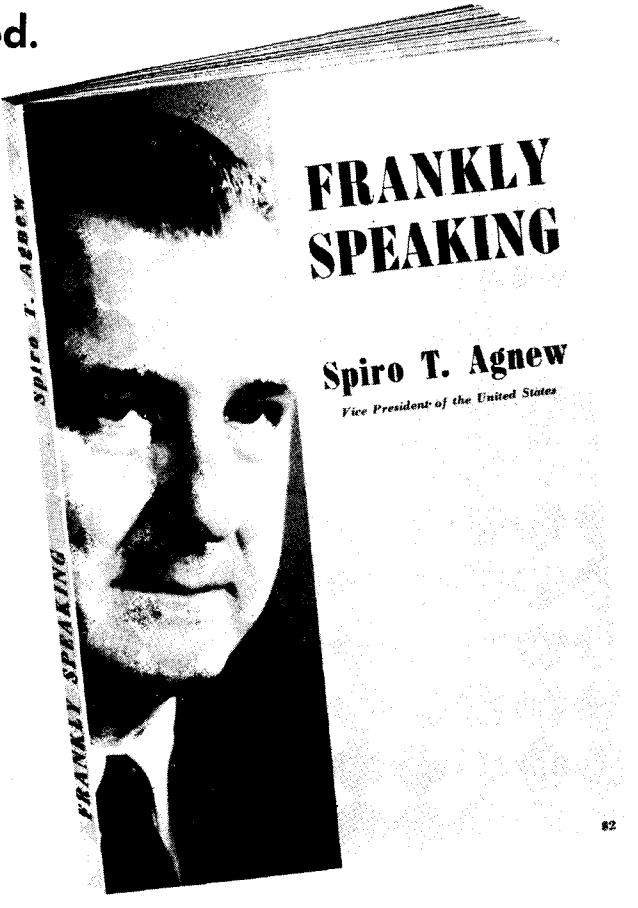
"We seem to be approaching the age of the gross."

"Perhaps the place to start looking for a credibility gap is not in the offices of the government in Washington, but in the studios of the networks in New York."

"I do not overstate the case. If I am aware of the danger, the convicted rapist Eldridge Cleaver is aware of the potential."

"It is worth remembering that our country's founding fathers wisely shaped a constitutional republic, not a pure democracy."

"These arrogant ones and their admirers in the Congress, who reach almost for equal arrogance at times, are . . . asking us to repudiate principles that have made this country great . . . They have a masochistic compulsion to destroy their country's strength."



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"Frankly Speaking" by Vice President Spiro Agnew is an unusual book by a unique Vice President. Never before has a modern Vice President been so outspoken or so bold in his opinions on the most crucial issues facing America. Agnew takes on student radicals, university professors, Vietnam War critics, the TV networks, "The New York Times"—in addition to airing his views on the effectiveness of contemporary education, what a republic should be (and what it ***shouldn't*** *be), plus many other controversial subjects. This book is a collection of the famous Agnew speeches that you have heard and read so much about—and that have drawn such heavy fire from the liberal establishment. ("Radicalism in Our Midst," "Racism, the South and the New Left," "Impudence in the Streets," "The Politics of Protest," "Education For What?," and "The Responsibilities of Television" to name just a few titles.) This is your chance to find out* ***exactly*** *what Agnew said at the time. You'll enjoy reading (and quoting from) this lively, fascinating book. Just published, it sells for $2.00.*

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ment," the Democratic leader granted, "but you have to get around the country and develop charisma and charm and a following. He has all these things but not in enough degree at this time. As of now, Nixon's chances are better than those of any Democrat."

Senator Mansfield is known to his colleagues as a warm-hearted man, but a colder blast has seldom blown from a political leader's lips. He is not alone, however, in the conclusions he reaches. In their comments on current Democratic sorrows (*Evans-Novak Political Report*, July 8) Messrs. Evans and Novak, for example, list "the fall of Ted Kennedy, the surprisingly complete disappearance of Hubert Humphrey as a Presidential figure, the failure of the Birch Bayh boomlet to get off the launching pad." They try to play up the mini-boom that has been limping along for Senator Mondale, but can't make it seem like anything more than a bag of PR wind.

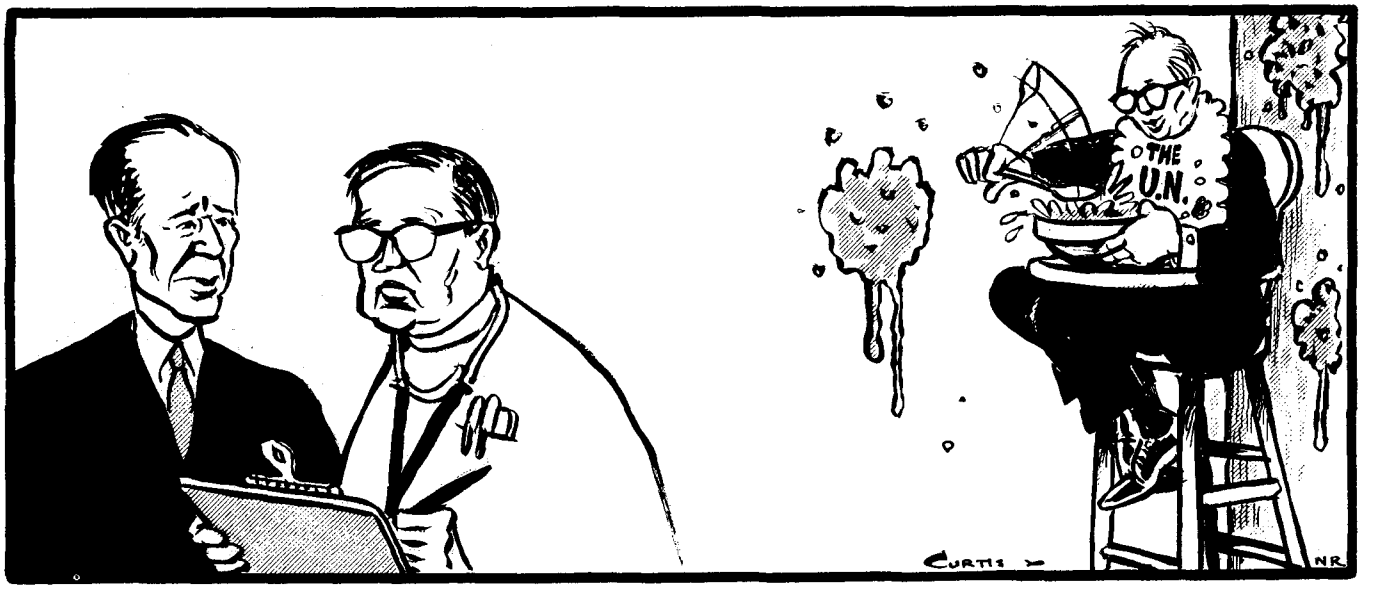
About one name Senator Mansfield was not questioned by the reporters, nor did he volunteer a comment, though his words would have been of considerable interest. There is a man who has been carrying out conspicuously Senator Mansfield's requirement "to get out around the country"; who possesses, even his critics agree, not a little "charisma and charm"; and who is certainly trying, at any rate, to drum up "a following." No doubt the Democratic leader would have replied that John Lindsay is not a Democrat and therefore outside the range of his commentary. Most Republicans, though, would insist that neither is John Lindsay a Republican, and they could mention that it was not as a candidate of the Republican Party that he won last year's election as mayor of New York.

How would Senator Mansfield judge John Lindsay's stature as a Democratic candidate for the 1972 contest? Senator Mansfield unquestionably understands, as everyone interested in politics does by now, that John Lindsay is running flat-out for the Presidency. As a political friend of Republican senatorial candidate Charles Goodell, Lindsay will probably, for Goodell's sake, delay a final and formal break with the Republican Party until after November, but it is not likely to be delayed much longer than that. His probable course from that point seems predictable: to try first for the Democratic nomination, basing himself on a left-liberal-black-youth-big city combination—the Gene McCarthy movement "at a higher stage"; and then, if the old-line Democratic machine defeats him, à la Gene McCarthy, to go through with the split that McCarthy drew back from, and run as a fourth party candidate.

And where will the Democratic Party be then, poor, miserable, thing?

And in New York...

It was a dismaying week for the Democrats and for the machine-controlled Republicans. It began with the announcement that F. Clifton White, the miracle-maker who got the Republican nomination for Barry Goldwater in 1964, who in behalf of Ronald Reagan came up with the only serious threat to Richard Nixon in Miami in 1968, and who in May engineered Anderson Carter's surprise victory in the New Mexico primary, announced that he had accepted the designation of campaign manager for James L. Buckley. Mr. Buckley is running for the Senate against the incumbent Charles Goodell, and the other challenger, Richard Ottinger. Ottinger and Goodell are vying for the anti-Nixon and miscellaneous Left vote, and doing about equally well. They, and their battalions, are beginning to notice the threat from Buckley, a registered Republican, who has the singular distinction of presuming to run for public office on the platform that a) not all New Yorkers are leftists, and b) Nixon is not doing too badly.



"Arrested maturity or premature senility?"

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And then, after White announced for Buckley—an electrifying event, because White is no dilettante, and the pros know it—the Uniformed Firefighters' Association announced for Buckley, the first defection from organized union ranks in the history of man. Consternation. A few days later, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association announced that *they* would back Buckley. Panic. And then the *New York Times* made it official: "Mr. Buckley, an enrolled Republican who polled 1.1 million votes two years ago as the Conservative Senate candidate, is viewed as a serious contender this year with at least some chance of winning in [the] three-way race." Only the see-no-evil ideologues are left. In three stories in the *New York Post* last week, reporter Antony Prisendorf wrote as if the Buckley candidacy did not exist. In fact, his candidacy emerges as (see p. 805) the most important political race in the country insofar as it bears on the hopes of the Nixon Administration to contain the Wallace movement in 1972.

Prisoners and Prisoners

It happens so often that it seems too routine to mention. But how and why it happens still puzzles us. Take this most recent case.

A couple of congressmen go to South Vietnam, get a quick view of a prison on the island of Con Son, and release a story when they get back about inhuman torture of military and political prisoners.

Within two seconds the affair is a sensation in the domestic and world media. Hanoi spokesmen and the Hanoi delegates are denouncing the U.S. for the barbarism of its South Vietnamese puppets, sundry America-baiters are comparing Con Son to Auschwitz, congressional doves are fluttering their feathers off, and the TV talkers go into hysteria.

Now we have no difficulty believing that Con Son prison is no pleasure-dome and that the South Vietnamese government, like all other Asian and African governments, treats prisoners roughly; prisoners don't have too good a time anywhere. But as it happens, inspectors of the International Red Cross have made two inspections of Con Son, have reported conditions there as "not too bad," and have verified that the inmates were there for common crimes or acts of violence; none of them was a political prisoner, and the fifty who were war prisoners were jailed there for common crimes.

Whatever the facts, it is a splendid thing that we are all so fiercely and quickly aroused by accounts of inhuman treatment of human beings held rightly, or wrongly, in prison.

Or are we? In the cells of North Vietnam, more than a thousand Americans are being held as prisoners of war. The fact that many of them are kept under the most ferocious conditions has been fully confirmed. Last year, the League of Families of American Prisoners in Southeast Asia was formed to press for public help. It has taken every step within its means to bring the shocking facts about prisoners to public attention. It has held many conferences with thousands of relatives of prisoners present from all over the country, sent out fact-filled releases to the press, visited congressmen and other political leaders. The spectacular Texan, Mr. H. Ross Perot, has joined with them, made a special trip to Southeast Asia and arranged an exhibit in the Capitol of the kind of cages in which many of the prisoners are kept; stories filled with what would seem drama and human interest have been submitted to magazines (see Priscilla Buckley's story p. 786); astronaut James Lovell spoke for the League shortly after getting back from the moon.

But somehow all this devotion and work over all this time has not been given a tenth the space or attention that the garbled and in any case relatively trivial story of Con Son has gotten.

To learn more about what might be done, you may write the League at P.O. Box 9791, San Diego, Calif. 92109. Its director is Mrs. James B. Stockdale, whose husband, a commander in the Navy, has been Hanoi's prisoner for four and one-half years.

Bulgaria Is in New York

The recent strike of maintenance men who care for New York apartment dwellers by hauling garbage, stoking furnaces and running elevators dramatizes the essential unworkability of rent control. At the heart of it all, of course, is money. Mayor Lindsay's new rent control law, designed to delight the bureaucrat but to leave the layman with a case of the DTs, is as complex as any Bulgarian commissar could have made it, complete with elaborate computerized economic calculations that will instruct landlords what percentage of increase they may legally ask of their tenants.

Portrait of the Liberal as an Old Man

Impassioned, purpled, pointing like a steeple,
The liberal lives only for "the people."
Just press the People Button and he's bleating
For social legislation—and retreating.
Adept at turning heroes into patsies
(Unless, of course, they're battling the Nazis),
He yawns away the news from Indochina
While hurling insults at South Carolina.
On schools, he stands four-square for integration,
Although his life-style echoes the plantation.
A boy with FDR, he's getting older.
He feels a certain presence at his shoulder.
It doesn't take a séance with Jeane Dixon
To sense the ectoplasm's Richard Nixon.

W. H. VON DREELE

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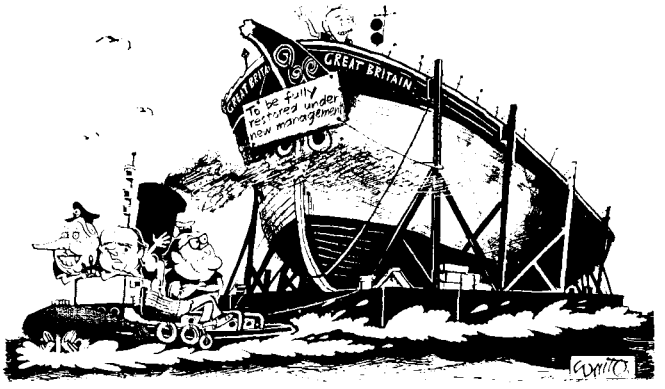

Waite, *London Daily Mirror* Ben Roth Agency

"But, Ted, why don't we build a new one?"

A labyrinthine system, even more complicated because of the dispute between the landlords and the maintenance men's union. The union demands pay increases spread over three years of $18, $12 and $10. Landlords hedge on the total package but offer an immediate $13 hike. This, they believe, is all the new law will allow them to pay and still realize a reasonable profit.

Lindsay's men, for obvious political reasons, stand firmly with the union. As garbage piles up in hallways, and old and sick tenants strain to climb stairs. Benjamin Altman, former violinist and now Housing Commissar, says: "The union has been great, cooperative," while landlords have been "quite nasty." And in an unprecedented move, Altman has ordered landlords to meet union demands immediately or submit to a city takeover of their buildings. Landlords see this as mini-nationalization and are bitter over being ordered to give in to union pressure with no chance for collective bargaining.

A complex situation. Landlords cannot be blamed for demanding reasonable profits; maintenance men cannot be blamed for demanding reasonable wages; politicians cannot reasonably be expected to desist from pandering to constituents; and tenants cannot be blamed for demanding services commensurate with the rents they pay. But perhaps the concept of rent control can be blamed for bringing about the whole mess in the first place.

Talk-In at the Times

Out of the great flood of rhetoric that washed through the editorial offices of the *New York Times,* where eleven college presidents gathered last week for a gabfest on the crisis in education, came occasional nuggets of sense. True, they were hard to locate, what with President Jaqueline Wexler of Hunter, for instance, saying things like "I do think that the whole of the university system is very parallel to emerging nations out of colonialism" and "I've been trying to find toe holds or finger holds to try to build something." Nevertheless, the presidents did occasionally manage to communicate some sense of their primary worry. And that's money. "I would say that if the present shrinkage of funds were to continue for another year, we would have to either abandon the quality of what we're doing, abandon great discernible areas of activity or abandon the effort to be accessible on the merits of talent, not of wealth or of race or inheritance," said President Kingman Brewster of Yale, apparently all in one breath. Translated, it seems to mean that if more money doesn't come in Yale will have to economize. The same problem was emphasized by President Goheen of Princeton, who said "I mean we're worried." Presidents Joseph Copeland of City College and Samuel Gould of SUNY, both of whom have recently been chased from their jobs by militants, agreed. Most participants also seemed to agree on the cause of legislative and alumni stinginess. "Now, the real essence of the financial problem, I think," speculated Mr. Gould, "is the question of whether or not the citizenry of this state, and of the nation, in fact, really believe that this is the kind of investment that is really worthwhile." The people who pay the bills, in other words, are tired of watching their kids riot. Not an easy problem to solve however, and the conversation returned to those more pleasant topics that provide the subjects for discussion at all such meetings: Growth, Change, Innovation and the Urban Crisis. One odd note at near the end of the talk-in, however, which perhaps should have been the theme of the conference, struck by President Charles Decarlo of Sarah Lawrence: "I think we're honestly not looking at the fact that there's just an awful lot of hogwash in the educational system. . . . I think some institutions, and probably a good many institutions, should die."

A Time to Remember

On July 17, 1959, the 86th Congress of the United States of America adopted Public Law 86-90, providing for the designation of the third week of July as "Captive Nations Week." This law remains in force. Its preamble is as cogent and as relevant now as on the day when it was adopted. We suggest to the President that he urge a rereading of the text of this law by all his staff, by the members of the present Congress, and by the officers and employees of the State Department, the Armed Forces, CIA and all other agencies in any way concerned with this nation's international affairs. We particularly recommend its reading to those critics of the President's Southeast Asia policy who, by the course they are advocating, seem indifferent to the addition of still further names to the tragic list of Captive Nations.

We here quote the greater part of the Congressional resolution:

> . . . Whereas the enslavement of a substantial part of the world's population by Communist imperialism makes a mockery of the idea of peaceful coexistence between nations and constitutes a detriment to the natural bonds of understanding between the people

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of the United States and other peoples; and

Whereas since 1918 the imperialistic and aggressive policies of Russian Communism have resulted in the creation of a vast empire which poses a dire threat to the security of the United States and of all the free peoples of the world; and

Whereas the imperialistic policies of Communist Russia have led, through direct and indirect aggression, to the subjugation of the national independence of Poland, Hungary, Lithuania, Ukraine, Czechoslovakia, Latvia, Estonia, White Ruthenia, Rumania, East Germany, Bulgaria, mainland China, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Georgia, North Korea, Albania, Idel-Ural, Tibet, Cossackia, Turkestan, North Vietnam, and others; and

Whereas these submerged nations look to the United States, as the citadel of human freedom, for leadership in bringing about their liberation and independence and in restoring to them the enjoyment of their Christian, Jewish, Moslem, Buddhist, or other religious freedoms, and of their individual liberties; and

Whereas it is vital to the national security of the United States that the desire for liberty and independence on the part of the peoples of these conquered nations should be steadfastly kept alive; and

Whereas the desire for liberty and independence by the overwhelming majority of the people of these submerged nations constitutes a powerful deterrent to war and one of the best hopes for a just and lasting peace; and

Whereas it is fitting that we clearly manifest to such peoples through an appropriate and official means the historic fact that the people of the United States share with them their aspirations for the recovery of their freedom and independence: Now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the President is authorized and requested to issue a Proclamation designating the third week of July, 1959, as "Captive Nations Week" and inviting the people of the United States to observe such week with appropriate ceremonies and activities. The President is further authorized and requested to issue a similar proclamation each year until such time as freedom and independence shall have been achieved for all the captive nations of the world.

Clinton Rossiter, RIP

Professor Clinton Rossiter of Cornell University is dead, at age 52, in tragic circumstances (suicide). Mr. Rossiter's academic achievements are extensively recorded, and his many books on the founding of the American Republic have been reviewed in these pages, not always sympathetically. I write today in order to record that when NATIONAL REVIEW was only a year or two old, the crucial moment came when the librarians of the United States would decide, as they are called upon to do once every seven years, whether NATIONAL REVIEW would be indexed by the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*. At that time, Clinton Rossiter was prominently associated with the Fund for the Republic, which was attempting to extirpate all traces of McCarthyism from public life, and I raised with him the question whether fairness did not dictate that the only serious journal of conservative thought should be indexed in the *Reader's Guide,* along with the *New Republic,* the *Nation*, *America*, *Commonweal*, et al. Mr. Rossiter consented to head a committee of prominent liberals who, in a joint letter, pleaded our case before the librarians: and won it. I remember that I promised him, in return, that I would serve as his personal genie for ten years, that he had only to rub the flask, mutter his desire, and I would respond. (That cost me two free speeches at Cornell, before my formal manumission.) And so, in behalf of myself and the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW—and all the students who have used the *Reader's Guide* during the past decade—I offer my thanks; and extend my deepest sympathy to Mary Ellen Rossiter, and the family. —WFB

Notes & Asides

■ AP, DUBLIN. William F. Buckley, American conservative writer, won a libel suit Monday against Dublin's *Irish Times* and Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien. Justice Butler of Dublin High Court awarded Buckley $600 and costs. A spokesman for Buckley said O'Brien wrote in the *Irish Times* of March 3, 1969, that Buckley obtained a transcript of a telephone conversation by wiretapping. "The defendants," said the spokesman, "have apologized to Mr. Buckley and withdrawn the allegation that Mr. Buckley was engaged in telephone tapping."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am a high-school student of fifteen. As you read this letter, you may come to the conclusion that it is a crackpot letter and that I am a crackpot. However, I think I can assure you that such is not the case.

I've got quite a problem. You, Mr. Buckley, seem to be the one person capable of helping me solve it. It concerns a friend of mine, also a high school student, who is a warm admirer of yours. It is conservative kids like him who probably make you proud of the youth of America.

This person is fond of doing imitations of me for his friends. If they believe his stories, these people are under the impression that I talk with bucked teeth and a ridiculous tone of voice. I do not believe that I possess

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either of these characteristics. He also spreads gossip about absurd things I say, which I actually have never said in my life. The more I plead wth him to stop this behavior, the more he continues it. I asked him if there was anyone with some influence on him that I could talk to. He replied "Write to William F. Buckley." Hence, this letter. If you could find time, could you kindly write to:

Steven R. Lukens
2065 Richard Road
Willow Grove, Pennsylvania 19090

Would you please tell him that a good conservative respects the dignity of all human beings. (When I try to tell him that, he ignores me on the grounds that I am nicknamed "Bear".) I would be deeply grateful.

Sincerely yours,
Michael Smith

Dear Steven: I have asked the FBI, and they tell me that Michael Smith does not *have bucked teeth, and does* not *speak in a ridiculous tone of voice, so why don't you let Bear alone? Best,* *WFB*

■ Sir:

I read your column in the *Post* of May 6 and have clipped the same to place it among my memorabilia of some of your paranoic writings.

This one hits the lowest rung. You are a hateful un-Christian demagogue and a fit associate for loud mouth Rusher who on a television program which I recorded gave liberalism a slight pat on the head.

This is a time for righteous anger. I don't know whether the Lord should damn or save your little frightened cringing soul. Have you no concern or pity. Sometime say something nice.

Carl E. Jampel
303 W. 66th Street, NYC

Dear Mr. Jampel: I love sugar, I love tea. I love the girls, and the girls love me. Best, *WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

I have written this letter in the hope that you might change, or at least reconsider changing, your program "Firing Line" back to it's former time (9 P.M. Sunday).

I enjoy very much your program and it helps to keep my very left-wing Goodell-type republicain social studies teacher in proper perspictive.

I'am unable to watch your program because of the fact it is on a school night.

Thank you very much:

Steven Weintz (Age 14)
High Ridge Rd.
Pound Ridge, N.Y.

Dear Steven: I have no control over when a television station runs Firing Line. *Tell your very left-wing, Goodell-type republicain social studies teacher that he'd better become a very right-wing Buckley-type republicain social studies teacher, or he's going to be without a senator representing him in Washington! Thank* you *very much.* *WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Not infrequently when I read your column I am convinced that one or the other of us must be stark, staring mad. Naturally, since I am only human and you are quite possibly not, I conclude that it is you who are mad.

After reading your May 19 column I must ask you to have yourself committed. One cannot contend that the United States might "button up the situation" in Cambodia after observing our ineptitudes in Southeast Asia and at the same time lay claim to one shred of sanity.

It would serve no purpose for me to set out my arguments against our involvement in the so-called Vietnam war. But I must remind you that the United States is more polarized today than it was before the President ordered troops into Cambodia. Surely you must recognize, if your mind is not completely blown, that the principle which you seem to feel is at stake in Southeast Asia is less important than the continued existence of the democratic republic of the United States. Or do you?

Peace,
William P. Maloney

Dear Mr. Maloney: Surely you realize that a) the Vietnam war had nothing to do with riots more sundering by far than our own, that have taken place in recent months and years in: France, Spain, Mexico, Italy and India? b) Surely you realize that to the extent that Vietnam is the cause of our own disquiet, that disquiet could have been dissipated by moving much much more decisively against North Vietnam in 1965 and 1966? c) Obviously you do not realize that that is what I and NATIONAL REVIEW *recommended, back before, when wondering which of us is mad, you came so close to arriving at the right conclusion. Best,* *WFB*

Dear Bill:

What, with a country gone mad for ecology, do you think of this fugitive pome?

Environmental Litany for the Forgotten Man

Beautiful Earth Day,
Regulated Birth Day,
Congested Air Day,
Bottom of the Sea Day,
Shorter Work Day,
Longer Play Day,
Continuous Holiday,
Tax and Pay Day.

Best,
Robert M. Moses
New York City

—WFB

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CATO

THE COMING LEADERSHIP FIGHT

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

As GOP hopes for controlling the Senate ebb and flow, speculation continues about competition for Senate GOP leadership. The latest wave of speculation is as follows: Senator Robert Dole (Kans.) may not be the candidate of the Senate conservatives for the leadership post, as some recent news stories have suggested. Dole commands respect of both the Administration and Senate Republican stalwarts such as Barry Goldwater (Ariz.) and Carl Curtis (Neb.), but even those closest to him think he may be a more serious candidate for Whip than for Leader.

Many Senate conservatives are now leaning to Robert Griffin (Mich.), now the minority whip. Griffin has been more vigorous in explaining Administration positions in the Senate than Minority Leader Hugh Scott, especially during the recent Cambodia debate, during which Dole, Griffin and Gordon Allott (Col.) distinguished themselves. Griffin has both the seniority and the middle-of-the-road support necessary to mount a serious challenge to Scott. Griffin has also gained new credit with conservatives because of an interesting incident several weeks ago.

Members of the Wednesday Club, an informal alliance of left-wing Republican senators, such as Javits and Goodell (N.Y.), Hatfield (Ore.), Pearson (Kans.) and Case (N.J.) invited Griffin to a meeting and proceeded to call him on the carpet for supporting the Administration so vigorously. The story of the reprimand was leaked to the press in an effort to make him "toe the liberal line." Conservative sources say the operation backfired and has in fact bolstered Griffin's standing in the eyes of skeptical Republicans from the South and West.

A Senate insider points out that ideology is not always the major factor in a senator's vote. "Egos in the Senate are the most crucial thing. You can never tell what's going to push somebody the wrong way." One ingenious theory holds that both Dole and Griffin are victims of a Wednesday Club effort to divide and conquer the potential conservative opposition; if Dole is seen as a stalking horse for Griffin, then he will command less support than if he were a serious candidate; and if Griffin is thought to be playing a two-sided game, then conservatives might be dubious about him. But at the moment, with Howard Baker's star fading, Griffin seems to be the most likely candidate around whom opponents of Hugh Scott can rally.

TRY THIS ONE on your abacus. Wednesday afternoon Conservative James Buckley announces the hiring of old pro Clif White as his campaign chairman (read: manager), and uses the occasion to remind the world that he, not Republican Charles Goodell, is the Nixon Republican in the New York Senate race. Thursday morning at 9:30 at a meeting in the White House between some top advisers to Nixon and some visitors from New York, the possibility of Nixon giving a little help to his friend is discussed. Two hours later, out of a clear blue sky, Goodell rounds up some reporters and falls all over himself being nice to Nixon, refuting Democrats' attacks on the inflation issue. At the end of the long arm of coincidence is a glad hand, so far unshaken by the President.

VICE PRESIDENT SPIRO AGNEW recently raised the issue of domestic dissent at a GOP fund-raising dinner in Cleveland. "It is not President Nixon blocking the road to peace; it is Hanoi—and Hanoi's most effective, even if unintentional, apologists today are not in Paris," Agnew told his Republican audience. "They are in the United States, and their prescription for ending the war amounts to surrender."

A recent private survey of foreign broadcast transcripts for the month of May and the first two weeks of June shows substantial media coverage in the Soviet Union, Communist China and North Vietnam of domestic American criticism of President Nixon's decision to attack the Vietcong and North Vietnamese sanctuaries in Cambodia. Democratic senators topped the list of those quoted, and many of the quotes were pungent phrases that had a very anti-American slant.

A quick rundown on the media and those quoted:

North Vietnam: Senator Fulbright, eleven times; Senator Mansfield four; Senators Cranston and Gore, two each; Senators Kennedy, Muskie, Church, Proxmire and Symington, one each.

Soviet Union: Senator Kennedy, four times; Senator McGovern and Lawrence O'Brien, twice each; Senators McIntyre (D., N.H.) and Fulbright, two each; former Ambassador Averell Harriman and former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, two each; Senators Eugene McCarthy, Gore, Church, Proxmire, Symington and former Defense Secretary Clifford, one each.

Communist China: The Chinese media devoted significantly more coverage to student protests against the move into Cambodia than to criticism by individual members of Congress, probably in keeping with the Maoist doctrine of continuing revolution.

Typical of the damaging quotations used by the media is an excerpt from a May 30 Radio Hanoi broadcast in Vietnamese to South Vietnam:

"On May 17 Senator Fulbright, Chairman of the United States Senate's Foreign Relations Committee, stressed that Nixon's decision to send U.S. troops into Cambodia was a tragedy of America. Fulbright pointed out that the U.S. armed aggression against Cambodia proves the complete failure of the Vietnamization policy."

As the Vice President implies, the question of whether domestic dissent is useful to the enemy has already been answered. The only question now is whether or not those doing the dissenting care. □

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JAMES BURNHAM

STRIPPED DOWN

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

I have long believed that political and strategic issues are essentially simple; not easy, but simple. I mean "simple" here in a logical rather than psychological sense. It may take painful psychological effort to work through to the logically simple core.

The great political and military leaders, as I read their careers, have grasped the simple core, and guided their conduct accordingly. Carthage must be destroyed. Napoleon will fail in the end if we keep command of the seas and strangle French commerce. The South must be split along the line of the Mississippi.

So believing in general, I find myself troubled by two simple propositions.

First: *You cannot reach your goal by withdrawing.* Is that not true? almost, one would think, self-evidently true? But if so, how can President Nixon's policy succeed in Southeast Asia? His policy, as he has explained it many times, is a policy of withdrawal. Not merely of withdrawal as a temporary retreat for tactical purposes, but of getting out, finally, all the way. What the enemy may meanwhile do will affect only details of the timing, not the . . . not, we may say, the essence of the policy.

Does it not *therefore* follow that this policy *cannot* succeed? Everyone knows what "success" would, at a minimum, mean: prevention of a Communist takeover in South Vietnam for the next period—at least a decade, say, the further future being impenetrable. If American policy will not have achieved that much, then it will be a demonstrated failure, as everyone everywhere will know.

Better to Deceive You with . . .

But the policy is not *merely* withdrawal, the President always adds. While withdrawing, we are also Vietnamizing, negotiating, aiding etc. No doubt. But isn't it the case that *essentially* we are withdrawing, that this is the core of the policy, and all the rest is secondary trimming? Isn't that the way the enemy *sees* it, *must* see it? If he believes Mr. Nixon, the enemy need only wait until we're gone.

But perhaps he does not believe Mr. Nixon. Indeed, Hanoi's spokesmen, like some of our doves, do declare that the withdrawal policy is a hoax, a deception maneuver; that the President is really aiming to win, to reach the goal, but is disguising the nature of his operation because of the pressures of domestic and world opinion. Only on that hypothesis is it possible to avoid the conclusion that the Nixon policy must end in failure. And it does seem to be the case that Mr. Nixon must be fooling *somebody*—if only himself.

The second of the currently critical simplicities: *The United States cannot base a successful long-term Mideast policy on support of Israel.* This proposition does not mean that an American Mideast policy cannot succeed if Israel is supported; support of Israel, that is to say, does not of itself doom a Mideast policy. But a successful policy cannot be *based* on that support; support of Israel cannot be the crux, key, the categorical imperative of a successful policy. We could equally well say: The Soviet Union cannot base a successful long-term Mideast policy on support of Israel. For the long term, Israel's demographic and economic foundation is too meager.

The President, like my colleague, Frank Meyer, reminds us that in the Mideast there is not merely a local war but a threatening collision of the superpowers. The "real issue" is the clash between the Soviet Union and the United States for predominance in the Mideast and the Mediterranean. I will not disagree. Defenders of an Israel-based policy then argue, in effect: The Soviet Union controls all the Arab nations; Israel is the only anti-Soviet force; therefore the U.S. has nothing else on which to base its policy except all-out support of Israel. If true, then there is no chance for the U.S. in the Mideast. The Soviet Union has won, in essence, already, and needs only a little patience to pick up the pieces. But the two premises of the argument are both false—though Israeli policy, and American policy insofar as it allows itself to be merely dragged along by Israeli policy, strives to make them true.

The Soviet Union has established "a presence" in the Mideast and Mediterranean, and in the Indian Ocean too, for that matter. This is now a fact, and could not be reversed except by the excluded and anyway doubtful nuclear war. But "presence" is not equivalent to "predominance." The serious objective now is not to chase the Russians back to the steppes (it is too late for that), but to seek as favorable a power equilibrium as is possible within the region as a whole.

Allies, Remember?

As soon as the problem is put in these terms, a striking omission in U.S. policy becomes obvious. Where in the Mideast-Mediterranean picture as we paint it are Greece, Italy, France and Spain, not to mention non-Arab Turkey and Iran? These nations are all linked to the Mediterranean and the Mideast by geography, history, economics and politics; and we should add Britain, in spite of the location of its homeland. Five are NATO members; Spain also is an ally and Iran a proven friend.

Israel *v.* everybody (except the U.S.) is an absolutely hopeless policy for Israel and for the U.S. The most promising Mideast outcome would be an Israel become one Mideast nation among the others, all mutually agreed, by compulsion if not by free choice, to live and let live with the inevitably present Soviet power alertly braked and countered. That outcome is still possible if the U.S., the Western nations of the region and NATO as a whole joined skills, resources and power to bring it about. It is still possible, but probably not for much longer. □

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FROM MARX TO MARCUSE

It's not in the streets and on the battlefields, but in the hearts and minds of our leaders that democracy in our time will be won or lost, says the author. A better name for the New Left, he thinks, would be the 'New Emancipation'

The Homesickness of the New Left

GERHART NIEMEYER

BY THE END of the Fifties it seemed—did it not?—that the leftist ideologies of the nineteenth century had run their course. Germany's Social Democrats had foresworn Marxism, the anarchist movement had met a violent death during the Spanish Civil War, even Leninism appeared to have reached a kind of plateau and run out of new ideas and methods. One of America's noted social scientists published a book proclaiming *The End of Ideology*.

But then a new upsurge of ideology made itself felt in a number of Western countries. Its first spectacular outbreak occurred at Berkeley in 1964, the Free Speech Movement with Mario Savio and Bettina Aptheker. Since she was a Communist, it seemed at first that this might be a new Communist tactic. But subsequent developments made it clear that the situation was not that simple. In Germany the former student organization of the Social Democratic Party had broken away from the mother party and set itself up as the more radical autonomous SDS. In the United States, another SDS, the Students for a Democratic Society, had been founded at Port Huron in 1962. A left-wing student group within the civil rights movement, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), turned into an exclusively black radical organization. A still more radical group, the Black Panthers, emerged on the West Coast. Among white students, the Youth International Party (Yippies) was formed while the SDS has recently split into a number of different groups, one of them Maoist. German students rioted repeatedly in 1966-67, French students in 1966 and the spring of 1968. In '68 they succeeded in pushing the French workers to a revolutionary general strike and occupation of some factories. Italian students, with a long background of radicalism, particularly at Bologna, occupied Rome University, and Spanish students followed suit in Madrid.

The first salient feature of the New Left, then, is its character as a movement of radicalized students and professors, except in the United States where there is also a black New Left. Secondly, the movement cannot be said to operate under the effective command and discipline of the Communist Party and has not produced anything like the tightly knit centralized organization of Communism or even democratic socialism. Third, it puts revolutionary action as such above carefully planned revolutionary strategy and will engage in riots, demonstrations, occupations and confrontations even when the Marxist parties want to avoid such spectaculars. Fourth, the ideology of the New Left is complex, eclectic and, by derivation, one step removed from that of the Old Left. Fifth, beside and behind the New Left there is also a broader rebellious culture, something which the Old Left could never boast.

On the other hand, Old Left and New Left both are aware that they are moving toward the same ultimate goal. The New Left has focused most frequently on university issues, but it has also mobilized its cadres on the more general issues of Indochina and military armaments; occasionally it picks special events like the visit of the Shah of Iran to the United States or a merger enlarging the West German press empire of Axel Springer, for their symbolic value. All of these issues however, as numerous New Left leaders have openly admitted, are secondary and merely serve to advance toward the real goal which is the destruction of the entire social order and the reversal of all values in Western countries. In this sense the New Left knows it is pulling in the same direction as the Communists, Troskyists, Maoists, Castroites, with all of whom it would like to work.

The Old Left was usually discussed in terms of alleged underlying material causes. This kind of approach won't get us very far in understanding a movement composed of the sons and daughters of affluence. Their radicalism must be understood as rooted in ideologized ideas—irrational thinking about history, society and the human condition. We must have a critical grasp on the ideology of the New Left. Its ideological manifestations are of two kinds: unsystematic, spontaneous outbursts of ideological language, imagery, prejudices from the rank-and-file, and the coherent and systematic ideological writings of the intellectual leaders. In the Old Left, the

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ideology was first created in writing and then it began to shape the consciousness of rank-and-file members.

The New Left, then, is a second growth, as it were, on ideologically contaminated soil. A phenomenon like ideological spontaneity would not be possible had not the teachings of Marx, Lenin, Bakunin and others spread through our culture so that they were absorbed by the young from parents, teachers, newspapers and communications media. One must also go beyond the apostles of the revolutionary Left: the revolutionary student movement of our time has derived many of its concepts, slogans, imagery, expectations and prejudices from Nietzsche, Freud and Jüng, Heidegger and Sartre, Blake and Breton, and ideas for its tactics from Sorel and McLuhan. One might say that it constitutes a pot pourri of all the major ideological currents of the past century and a half, not all of which one can place on the Left. It might be better, then, if we could think of another name for the new movement —possibly, it might be "the New Emancipation."

Revolution: Relative or Absolute?

Emancipation is the main accent in most of the ideological writings, a contrast to the nineteenth century which produced apparently scientific analyses of society's structure and dynamics. That kind of semirationality is now gone. "The Revolution" is taken for granted; no elaborate argument is needed to establish it; rather, it appears as a "self-evident" truth around which one cannot build other conclusions, but also from which one can deduce other premises.

Herbert Marcuse, who has contributed more books to the new movement than anyone else, begins with Marx' assertion of total revolution as an axiom from which he himself has removed Marx' supporting evidence. For Marx, the Revolution followed from the instability inherent in the proletariat's ever deepening misery; indignation and growing class consciousness would arouse it to the final triumphant battle against its capitalist masters. Marcuse admits that the proletariat has not sunk and will not sink into misery, that its consciousness is not revolutionary, that capitalism has bestowed considerable wealth on all classes, and that its economic crises are not likely to result in a wholesale collapse. He admits that the capitalist economy satisfies human needs on an unprecedented scale. Such abandonment of Marx' analysis, however, does not lead him to abandon Marx' conclusion, but rather to think of a substitute set of supporting reasons for the central concept of total revolution. The Revolution turns out to be the absolute, its explanations merely relative.

Marx assumed that the evolution of economic forces followed from the pressure of human needs, in which he saw a kind of rock-bottom driving energy. Marcuse, by contrast, looks on human needs as artificial contrivances of the capitalist system, invisible threads by which the system enslaves men and falsifies human existence. Marx accepted the value of industrialization and confined his critique to the system of appropriation. Marcuse rejects the industrial system to which he attributes what he regards as an entirely false system of values and men's "false" contentment in the present society. Everything in our society must be turned into its opposite. The tolerance in our country is actually a powerful means of oppression, our freedoms are nothing but chains of enslavement, our ideas mere mental perversions.

One-Upmanship

The Revolution and its radical negation, on the other hand, are man's creative expression, intolerance is a moral duty, physical uncleanliness an "unsoiled" condition of the body, obscenity the mark of the emancipated human being. What matters is total newness, which will spring from total rejection and destruction of all that exists. There is a dialectic relation between total newness and the alleged total evil that is supposed to prevail today. The road to newness then goes through an intellectual destruction of the present order in one's mind to an eventual practical destruction in the political and social sense. In dialectic opposition, since the present is depicted as totally evil, the new world is postulated as wholly good.

Marcuse's radical indictment of present-day society is a kind of one-upmanship on Marx. Marx boasted of having discovered grounds for a critique of society far deeper and more basic than political oppression and social injustice. Marcuse piles Freud on Marx and depicts alienation in psychic terms, thus discovering cause for profound discontent even in the midst of affluence and security. He has no need of Marx' proletarian misery; in the heart of content-

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ment he finds slavery, oppression and indignity. Unlike Marx, Marcuse is not forced to play down any positive features of present-day society. They all serve to prove man's dehumanization.

Marcuse uses Marx minus his historical materialism; similarly, Norman Brown, having discovered Freud in the mid-Fifties, derives from him a message of emancipation that does away with Freud's own pessimistic analysis of civilization. To this end, Norman Brown adds to Freud the nineteenth-century visionary Blake, as well as Nietzsche. "Freud is the great emancipator from the reality principle." Norman Brown wants to join Freud, Marx and Pope John XXIII for the "unification of mankind"; unity is of bodies, thus social organization is ultimately sexual. "The endless task; to achieve the impossible, to find a male female (vaginal father) or a female male (phallic mother). It is to square the circle; the desire and pursuit of the whole in the form of dual unity or the combined object; the Satanic hermaphroditism of Antichrist." In these terms Norman Brown proclaims emancipation from "this world of generation and death," which we "must cast off" in its entirety. Again, such condemnation of present reality far exceeds Marx' rather instrumentalist critique. All morality and religion, even being itself, is called before the bar and rejected out of hand. An emancipation is postulated that will liberate bodies and passions from frustration, separateness and any sense of guilt or imperfection.

On a far lower intellectual level Abbie Hoffman bears witness to the new emancipation by writing books in the language of absurdity and by using obscenity as the mark of the new freedom. Hoffman, like Brown and others, celebrates his escape both from the normative and from rationality, which are to him a cultural prison. Demonstrative madness is the form this celebration takes, the display of mind unchained from logic, reason and structure—language gleefully splashing in nonsense. Similarly, among the French students, Sartre is worshipped as the bringer of absolute freedom, for he has shown that being is nothingness and thereby taken from man the most fundamental limitation his mind has to acknowledge, that of reality itself.

We have already moved from the politically revolutionary movement to what Theodore Roszak calls the "counter-culture": patterns of living chosen in pointed opposition to the customary, moral, aesthetic, religious traditions of our civilization. The Old Left never knew anything like this. Neither socialists nor Communists could draw support from any culture other than that of the society which they sought to combat, and even to this day the Soviet Union has not produced a specifically Soviet culture, for even the vaunted Soviet realism merely imitates art forms developed long before the Communist revolution. Behind and beside the student revolutionary organizations, however, young people on both sides of the Atlantic are clustering together under the slogan "turn on, tune in, drop out." "Turn on" refers to the antirational state of mind produced by hallucinogenic drugs, "tune in" to rock music and the life-style that goes with it, "drop out" to the extant order of society and culture.

Rock, sex, drugs and unbounded subjectivism characterize the varieties of "life-styles" and their manifestation in the absence of norms for dress, hair and cleanliness acceptable to these youths. Certain cultural productions complete the picture: besides rock music, absurdist poetry and absurdist art. Finally, there is a pervading preoccupation with exotic religiosity, borrowing freely from a diversity of Oriental religions as well as from shamanism, magic and astrology.

The Counter-Culture

What is the significance of this "counter-cultural" phenomenon? First, it provides the political activists with a broad substratum of support and sympathy, as well as a supply of recruits. More important, however, it maintains a public impression that something new is actually growing, something that serves as conclusive proof of a coming society after the destruction of the present one. The counter-culture seems to substantiate the claim that we are in the presence of cultural creation and that the new freedom can already be discerned at least in dim outline. If it were not for this impression generated by the counter-culture, the New Left would seem like the emperor without his new clothes, a rebellion bare in its nihilistic refusal. The counter-culture provides an apparent justification for the political revolutionaries, it nourishes their self-righteous confidence and optimistic resort to total destruction. In its confrontation with democracy, the New Left feels entitled to claim rights in the name of human creativity, demanding freedom to express its ideas and "do its thing," justified by a cultural promise vaguely identified by the god-words "peace" and "love."

Alas, the claim is false. What we are witnessing is not the creation of a new culture but merely the reversal or withdrawal symptoms of nihilism. The counter-culture consists of nothing but the principle of negation, of which it has made a cult. It deeply distrusts any form, any norm, any kind of structured present. It seeks perpetual restlessness, dynamism without pause, destination or fulfillment. Rebellious youth "drops out" not merely from a political, economic or cultural system, but from goodness, reason, and being as such. LSD has been embraced as an instrument of anti-being, a vehicle for phantasmic flight from reality and all its structures. The acknowledgment of reality implies all kinds of limitations, but "dropping out" means escape into the boundless freedom of undefined non-reality. Similarly, the metaphysical enchantment of subjectivity amounts to a thrust into a dreamlike nothingness. All alone, the subject feels capable of creating worlds, moralities, societies, because he finds himself freed from otherness, the otherness of God, nature or fellow men, having risen from the *esse cum* to a freedom that has no qualities, where he feels like God.

The one aspect of the counter-culture that might seem to contain some germs of a new growth is youth's pervading interest in religion, its discovery of depths of life that were ignored by its liberal and positivist parents. Alas again, the appearance is deceptive. In the indiscriminate invocations of Hindu or Buddhist deities, the mixing of Christian, pagan, shamanist and magic rites, there is little evidence that the human condition of creatureliness in a divinely created world is taken seriously, or that there is anything like serious worship. Such practices indicate, rather, a disposition to flirt with any kind of myth or ritual in playful combinations of religions, high and primitive, thereby incidentally annihilating the past with its leaps from compact to more differentiated orders.

The apparent culture of the new religiosity thrives largely on the excitement of fascination with whatever is strange as well as on its shock value, even though behind it there may well lurk a genuine yearning. The genuineness, however, turns to counterfeit when religious symbols are perverted mainly for rebel-

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lious purposes. No norm of human conduct, no ordering orientation, no moral obligation, no structure of society flows from the counter-culture. Roszak's designation seems to be a misnomer; one should rather speak of an anti-culture. The only believable claim of the anti-culture is youth's desire to do, feel, think in any way that negates Greco-Judaeo-Christian morality, aesthetics and understanding of reality. There is in it no power to bring forth a higher or even alternative order of existence. One possibility remains: The widespread fascination with the culture of primitives, including shamanism, archetypal myths, also the absence of dress and shoes, the possession of amulets, and the practice of ritually painting the body suggests something like Vico's *ricorso*: After the "barbarism of reflection," which in our time would be the same as the wasteland of positivism, men might return to a barbarism pure and simple, a life below civilization which, however, might imply the chance of a genuine turning to God.

Short of such speculations, however, our immediate interest bids us focus on the relation between the anti-culture and student revolutionary movements. One cannot assume that one is necessarily a function of the other; witness England where the anti-culture has flourished long and vigorously while political student movements have remained relatively unexplosive. The reverse can be observed in France, where the student movement brought the nation to the brink of civil war, but the anti-culture is not as noticeable as in the United States. In France as well as Germany, revolutionary students seem to draw slogans and motives more from Marxist-Leninist Communism and Bakunist and Kropotkinist anarchism, while new ideological writings have been produced mostly in the United States.

The New Left Credo

At this point, one may venture some generalizations about the New Emancipation in both its revolutionary and cultural aspects:

1) The ideological crux of all student revolutionary movements is the total condemnation of their own community, be it the university, the society or the civilization as a whole. Even though such an indictment usually comes replete with particular illustrations, the underlying intention is not to change for the better this or that practice, institution or norm. Rather, the condemnation is its own end. Whatever concrete demands the students present do not adequately express their limitless discontent; they are instruments to attain further power positions. The French students coined the slogan: "Be realistic, demand the impossible!" German student leaders wanted something they called "protest in permanence." All student movements reject the strict discipline of strategy and tactics observed, in different ways, by both trade unions and the Communist Party; instead they all desire revolutionary action as such, for its own sake.

One group of students talked about a mystical "revolutionary synthesis of food and dispute" and wanted to destroy all comfortable homes, which bar "total man" from "space opening on him." In May 1968, the Paris students wrote on the walls: "It is forbidden to forbid!" The limitless character of the total critique is evidenced also by the multitude of sweeping descriptions of society's evil which seem to be interchangeable. Our society is simultaneously defined as a "world of death," a "world of violence," of materialism, racism, constraint, a system of exploitative capitalism, oppressive imperialism, a culture of repressive tolerance, oppressive consciousness, mindless power. No detailed analysis of society's evils is required any more. The equation of society with evil is an a priori one, not to be proved, but simply evident in any example one chooses to pick. Society amounts to instituted evil.

2) Defining the Establishment as the totality of evil establishes the innocence of all revolutionary action. As all conceivable evil has been attributed to the Establishment, such a sweeping *j'accuse* implies ultimate self-justification. He who pronounces such global judgments, denouncing an entire society rather than particular actions, can speak only from Beyond Good and Evil, which position provides a metaphysical warranty of his innocence. It is the a priori innocence of total condemnation and total destruction that dispenses the revolutionary students from any requirement to define their goal even in terms of a utopia. While they admit that they cannot see what will come after the destruction of the present society, they are supremely confident that the destruction will be good.

There results a kind of ontological and moral division between two kinds of people: *they*—the supporters and beneficiaries of the Establishment who are all guilty—and *we*—the radical revolutionaries who have dropped out from the instituted evil. "IBM, Mobil and AT&T are enemies of all life," said those who planted bombs in the New York offices of the three firms, implying that the planting of bombs in such places was a cleansing and righteous work of the avenger of life itself. When men make such fundamental distinctions between themselves and others, it amounts to a refusal to share a common civic life, even more, a refusal to share the human condition as such ("The Great Refusal"). The revolutionary students, by charging the totality of evil to extant society, to "them," have moved out, as it were, from "being in the same boat" with their fellow men, and consequently cannot be reconciled to any human order. As a consequence, they feel that they should affirm their solidarity with the enemies of order, the heroes of total revolution and destructive activism: Che Guevara, Mao Tse-tung, Fidel Castro, Ho Chi Minh.

3) From the sense of their own innocence flows a notion of limitless power, limitless both in the normative and factual sense. The students cannot conceive that revolutionary power should be subject to any limiting norm, principle or objective, or that it could be conceived as a mere means to an end. On the other hand, they are convinced that revolutionary power and the power of the Establishment are just not in the same class, since the power of revolutionary action is innocent while that of the Establishment is guilty. Even in a purely factual sense, the two powers are incommensurable. The revolutionary students have no sense of defeat, even when the other side is stronger. An acknowledgment of defeat is always a mental process implying an acknowledgment that the other side is a human being like oneself who can be powerful in the same way as oneself, which is tantamount to perceiving power limitations.

When one begins by denying that the other side shares the same condition of existence as oneself, however, one cannot see one's own power limited by that of the others, and cannot accept a settlement in terms of power relativity. The only time the relativity of power seems to become real to revolutionary students is when the jail doors close behind them. Otherwise their inability soberly to assess power relations has manifested itself both in a reckless lack of inhibition and

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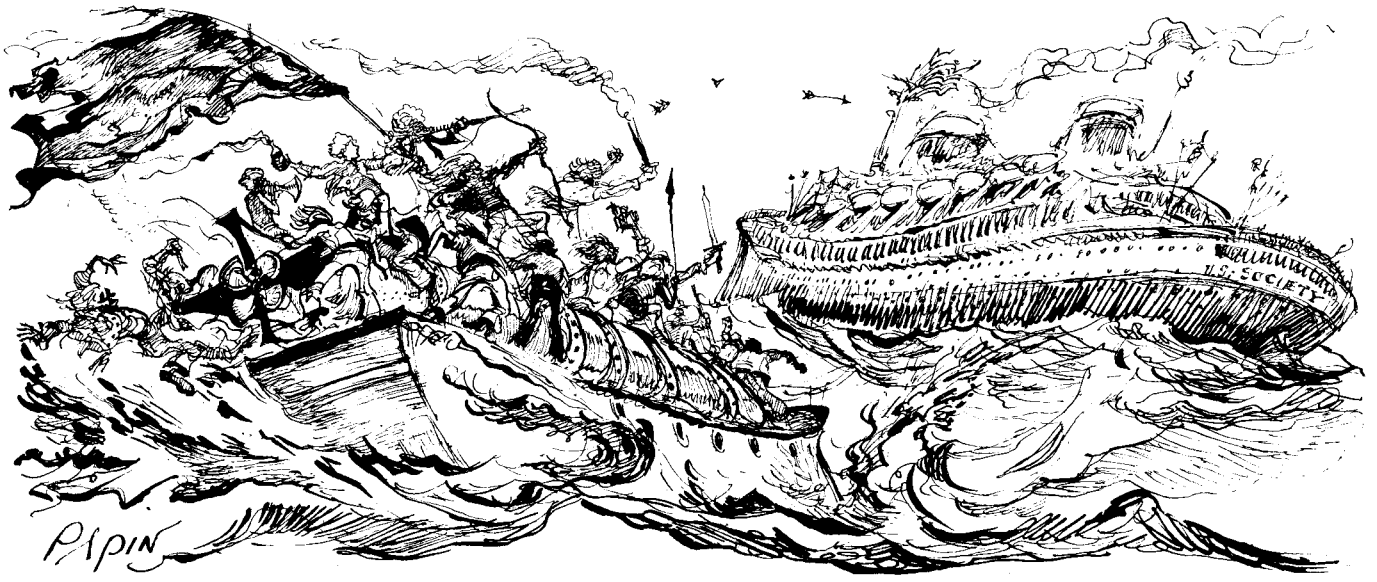

in a quixotic overestimation of gestures, slogans and resolutions. It is precisely on this point that the revolutionary students have most sharply diverged from the Communist Party, which, obedient to Lenin's teaching, has always clearly understood power realities. Still, the ultimate goal of Communism also consists in obtaining limitless power for the dictatorial Party, a goal which comes close to the student revolutionary spirit.

The Revolutionary Cadre

A critical analysis of the revolutionary student movement by one of its former members (Jens Litten, *Eine verpasste Revolution,* 1969) predicts that the movement will die from internal emotional exhaustion. That may well be; what is sure, however, is that it cannot be satisfied by appeasement, concessions, or reforms. A late and hybrid ideology has been spawned in the soil of Western civilization and it will be a source of disorder for a considerable time. Many are confused because the revolution appears as one of youth as such; the anti-culture appears to have become *the* way of life for the people under thirty. This, of course, is very far from the truth. The impression is created by the fact that the anti-culture is widely scattered and seems to have taken hold in practically every town and most schools, and that between the anti-culture and revolutionary movements there are many affinities. It is important to remind ourselves again and again that the cause of disorder is not youth as such, but a radical ideology, a body of irrational ideas, notions, slogans, and the ensuing attitudes. All this forms a cult, the adepts of which range from seventeen to seventy; the cult is more characteristic of uprooted Western intelligentsia, Julian Benda's *clercs*, than of youth.

The activist part of the movement is bent on destruction rather than reform of our society; one should remember that both Lenin and Hitler began with less than a dozen. Unlike Lenin and Hitler, the radical students are not well organized, they are poorly armed, and they have had scant success in breaking out of the gilded ghetto of social privilege. In any kind of frontal assault, they would be no match for the forces that preserve the order of society. If they could attract the urban masses, as seemed possible for a moment in the Paris of May 1968, their power might loom more formidable, but the possibility still seems remote.

Enter Fortinbras

Two other courses are left to them: urban guerrilla warfare and provocative confrontations. The first would result in much material damage and some loss of life, but it would tend to consolidate the moral and political force of society, and to isolate the revolutionists. Provocative confrontation has been the chosen technique of revolutionary students on both sides of the Atlantic until now, and it presents democracy with its greatest challenge. The technique relies on the myth of an abstractly perfect democracy, a myth frequently invoked by the slogan "participatory democracy," which myth is used as an ideal yardstick to measure the historical legal guarantees of the citizen: freedom of speech and assembly, freedom of the press, due process and equal protection before the law. The technique consists in demonstrating *ad oculos,* i.e., on TV, that the present society not only falls far short of a perfect democracy but actually is a regime of oppressive power that ought to be destroyed. The means the students have chosen to bring this about is to misuse various civil liberties: freedom of speech is misused for obscenity, irrationality and subversive appeals; defendants in court misuse their rights, to disrupt and discredit the judiciary process; freedom of assembly is misused by the physical obstruction of others.

Such practices hit democracy at its weakest point. In the last hundred years democracy has defined itself more and more in terms of mere procedure, progressively neglecting or even banning problems of moral and intellectual substance. By 1970 Paul Eidelberg could make the assertion that "intellectual and moral anarchy" prevails in American society, because of the unwillingness or inability of the nation's leaders to make significant distinctions. "No society can endure unless its members are capable of feeling disgust or indignation, hence of being intolerant of certain kinds of behavior and sometimes of the ideas which encourage such behavior. The situation is characteristic not merely of the United States but prevails as far as the influence of Western positivism reaches. Much earlier, the Weimar republic stood committed to the idea that democracy existed in the quantitatively widest possible extension of the sameness of pro-

(Continues on page 800)

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WARNING TO TOURISTS

The Kremlin Will Get You If You Don't Watch Out

JOSEF POWIANSKY

THERE ARE a number of reasons for visiting Russia. If yours is that you would like to bask on the beaches of Yalta, Sochi or Sukhumi—don't bother. There are as good beaches elsewhere and you are only giving aid and comfort to the enemy by spending your money there. But if you really want to inform yourself of the nature of the adversary or even to act as an apostle for the West, there are certain things you should know, certain precautions you should take.

To get to know much about Russia you must at least be conversant in some language, preferably in Russian or Ukrainian. German has some advantages: It is understood by all those who speak Yiddish and by many of the older and middle-aged people who were either in German slave-labor camps or were posted to Germany during the Second World War. Knowledge of English is a lot more widespread today than it has been. At any rate, go to the trouble of learning a few short phrases in Russian—and a command of the Cyrillic script, which will at least allow you to tell the men's from the ladies' rooms, would be no end helpful.

Most tourists see Russia on guided tours which leave very little to personal initiative. The Intourist tours are relatively inexpensive, the guides are fairly to very competent, but you must take it for granted that the information they give you has been okayed on high.

If you want to travel on your own, you can be assigned a hotel room for which you will pay a flat sum (about $40 a day) for room and board, and also get the use of a car and an interpreter for a certain number of hours a day. This may prove more satisfactory than the formal tour, but it is also considerably more expensive.

Sooner or later the traveler finds that his freedom is limited in many ways. It would be quite possible for a phlegmatic, well-intentioned foreigner, who is relatively unobservant and has plenty of good will, not to understand what life in the Soviet Union is actually like. After all, the hotels—like the Ukraina or the Metropolj—are pretty good, although service in the restaurants is terribly slow. But the tourist should keep in mind that his room will be searched during his absence and that certainly it is bugged, that any conversations will be, or could be, overheard. (At the embassies all important conversations are carried on out of doors, or by written notes that are immediately destroyed.) The tourist should at all times be cautious. If he makes an acquaintance, he should memorize his new friend's telephone number—never write it down. In any case of doubt, do not use the hotel telephone. Pay phones are numerous; the service, good.

Another pitfall against which the tourist should be warned: Don't take advantage of the tempting rate of exchange for your Russian money in Western capitals. The legal rate of exchange for the American dollar is $1.18 to the ruble. But in Zurich, for example, you can buy rubles for 19 cents (and sell them for 14 cents). So the temptation is great to buy rubles abroad and stock up on Russian luxuries—fur coats, icons, caviar, antiques, souvenirs, incidental spending money. But this is dangerous. When you leave the country you are asked to account for all the money you have spent. You will have to produce bank vouchers to show that you have converted your money at the legal rate. Also resist the temptation to exchange silver or gold with street money changers, many of whom are *agents provacateurs*. It is less dangerous to sell your extra shirts or raincoats, but such transactions are risky.

A tourist can get into trouble perfectly innocently. A man in a group of West German tourists not so long ago took a picture *from* a railroad bridge in order to get the skyline of a town. He was arrested. It was only because his group stood loyally behind him, and that his group leader was both energetic and courageous, that he was released 24 hours later. En route home, the culprit was again arrested at the border crossing point. Again the group stood firm and refused to leave the country without him. Twelve hours later he was again released and the party departed. This was obviously a matter of arbitrariness on the part of local officials. The German was arrested because he took a photograph of a bridge. That he had not photographed the bridge itself was not accepted as a suitable explanation. (Moral: Bridges should be seen and not photographed.)

There was the case of Professor Frederick Barghoorn of Yale who disappeared in the fall of 1963 and was released a week or so later, but only after President Kennedy sent Russia what was virtually an ultimatum. (It is my opinion that Barghoorn was innocent of all the charges against him, that he was arrested by the KGB without the knowledge of Nikita Khrushchev—a sign that Khrushchev was already on his way out—and that he was being held as a hostage presumably to be exchanged for a Soviet agent.)

IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG to discover that the Soviet Union is a police state—ever vigilant. For instance, the maps of all the larger cities are not only simplified, but they are also purposely distorted so that they would not be useful to enemy bomber pilots in the event of war. There is an emigré organization in Frankfurt that recently produced a correct map of Moscow. But I would not advise the tourist to bring this map to the USSR. It would immediately render him suspect. Nor will the ordinary tourist ever see the "official" telephone book. This is kept under close guard by the postal authorities, the KGB and, it is said, by certain U.S. research facilities. All that the ordinary tourist can get hold of is an abbreviated version of the phone book that lists things generically: doctors, embassies, consulates, pharmacies, stores etc. An acquaintance of mine who wanted very much to get in touch with a Russian friend was refused a phone book. When he insisted, he was told that if his friend had really wanted to be contacted he would have given him his number.

A tourist soon finds that there are

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innumerable rules and regulations that he must obey. His visa, for example, will be validated for a certain number of cities, all of them on the so-called "scheduled" list—i.e., okay for foreign travelers. But should he change his mind and decide to visit a "scheduled" city that was not on his original itinerary, chances are he will not be able to do so—especially if he happens to be out of Moscow at the time. His "case" will have to be referred back to the central authorities and the wheels of bureaucracy in Moscow, more than elsewhere, grind exceeding slow. (Air travel has its complexities. In bad weather most flights are canceled, but Soviet planes are apt to fly even when minor engine problems have been discovered. Faulty pressurizing in a jet can cause agonies. Like crime, plane crashes usually go unreported in the Soviet press, the exception being when foreigners are involved or if the crash has occurred where foreigners might have noticed it.)

It is almost impossible to visit the countryside. If you want to see a *kolkhoz*, Intourist will arrange it. But the *kolkhoz* in question will be a showplace, prettied up for the tourist. It is dangerous to take off on your own to try to see the countryside; authorities are only too ready to suspect you are a foreign espionage agent. Those few foreign tourists who travel through the Soviet Union by car are not allowed to turn off the "scheduled" highways. And a genuine conversation with a peasant is impossible.

Most people in the Soviet Union are no longer afraid to be seen talking to strangers as they were in Stalin's day. They have an eager curiosity and will often seek out foreigners. In a park, a Russian will often come up to a tourist and ask what time it is as a starter for a conversation. In the western parts of the Soviet Union, in the Ukraine, Georgia and Russia itself, they are amazingly well-informed about the West. Some of the young people I talked to surprised me with their knowledge, most of which was culled from radio, much from novels, and a good deal too from reading between the lines of their own publications—an art at which intelligent Russians are expert.

What these Russians want from the foreigner—from you—is a third dimension, a fleshing out of the picture that they have already made for themselves of what life is like in the West. You will find that they are startled if you tell them that in Ameica the large factories are not owned by capitalist individuals but are mostly owned and operated by public companies whose stock can be bought by any worker. That does not fit the stereotyped impression they have drawn. But the tourist should be careful not to be either patronizing or arrogant. Remember that the Soviet citizen you are talking to, unless he is a member of a conquered or an incorporated area, is talking about his own country, to you, a visitor there. Before he will allow himself to be really candid about conditions he must be sure that you, too, can distinguish between his people, his homeland, his traditions, and *oni*, "them," the government.

You may find a number of things in the Soviet Union surprising. The people in the streets are neatly, if shabbily dressed. The streets of Moscow are clean, cleaner than those in many a free country. Transportation is modern and even the railroads not too uncomfortable. The habit of mixing the sexes in overnight compartments is an old Russian custom and has nothing to do with Communism. On many of the buses there are no ticket vendors. The authorities apparently rely on the honesty, or perhaps the fear, of the customers. Newspapers, books, subway fares, transportation etc. are very inexpensive.

The quality of Soviet goods is very poor. The stores are crowded (they seldom open before 10 A.M.) and the service in them is miserable although foreigners are waited on more promptly and more politely than are Soviet shoppers. An item that is available one day may not be in the stock the next.

In Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev the service in restaurants is relatively—but only relatively—good. In the seaside resorts you may have to wait an hour to place your order, having found a seat. But you are still ahead of the local customer who has to wait in line even to get in. It may take as long as four hours for a meal. Tipping is forbidden, but in this one respect I exhort you to break the law. Hard liquor is sold by the weight, not the drink, and is very expensive.

Your Intourist guide will boast about how little the Soviet citizen spends on rent. But he won't tell you that each citizen is allotted only so many square meters by the state and that if he had an apartment of the size we consider convenient, he, too, would be spending a quarter of his income on rent. As it is the average family lives under unbearably crowded conditions, often sharing kitchen and bathroom with a half dozen others. Soviet VIPs obviously have larger apartments, cooks, maids and chauffeurs. But those who do form a very small, almost microscopic, top layer of citizens: important government officials, members of the Academy of Science, intellectuals, ballerinas, poets, writers, university professors, painters, theatrical producers. They are much higher up on the privilege scale than the industrial bureaucrats who run the factories and plants, or even than doctors, architects and other professional men. But even the rich are not rich in our sense. They don't own property, they don't save, they spend whatever they have on food, drink, paintings, furniture and—in the heart of this officially atheistic land—on sumptuous tombs. Their dachas (wooden summer houses) standing on state-owned grounds, are not their property. They are the elite and yet from this elite has come some of the fiercest resistance to the regime; it comes from the intellectuals, students and artists on the one hand, from the enslaved peasantry on the other.

Everyone in the USSR, is a "state dependent." Jail and dire poverty hang like the sword of Damocles over even the most exalted heads.

All these things combine to make it difficult for the average tourist to understand the Russian or what is going on in Russia. He can be fooled by the clean streets, the friendly people, the smiles, the anxiety to talk. The USSR has not only the nineteenth-century glory of the *Vystavka*, the permanent trade and industrial exhibition on the outskirts of Moscow, but also the continued horror of the slave labor camps, witness *My Testimony*, the frightening book by Anatolyi Martchenko. (The manuscript was smuggled out; the author is being punished.) The people the traveler meets in the hotels, the parks and the subways are prisoners in the same way so many decent Germans were during Hitler's regime.

The saying goes: "Every nation has the government it deserves." In Russia the sensitive tourist will discover how false this cliché sounds in the light of a most melancholy reality. □

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PRISONERS OF WAR

They Also Serve

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

I'M MRS. WILLIAM SCHUDDY, she said over the phone. She and two friends were in town for a couple of days making the rounds and they'd like to see my brother, or me, or anyone I'd designate on the staff. "My husband's been a prisoner in North Vietnam for five years," she explained, "and we're organizing to do something about it," because, she didn't add, it doesn't look as if any one else will.

I don't know what I expected. Middle-aged women, I suppose, emotional, pent-up, driven. But the three who came in the door were, well, kids. Bright, attractive, with that clean tanned outdoor look of so many young American women. Attractive, and determined.

Jane Schuddy made the introductions. Kathy Plowman, a pretty dark intense girl, very thin. "Her husband's been missing in action three years." The blonde on the other side, with a gamin haircut and the big smile is Candy Parish. "Her husband's been missing in action for two years." MIA—Missing In Action. That means that there has been no official word since their planes went down. Candy has this to go on. The backup flier in her husband's plane *is* in a North Vietnamese prison camp; his wife has heard from him. But he hasn't mentioned Chuck Parish. Candy smiles, all but apologizes. "I've built a lot on a little," she says. The other flier has occasionally used "we'all" in his letters—"but then he's a Southerner." Could that "we'all," so casually dropped in a letter, mean that Chuck Parish is alive? Candy doesn't know. Kathy Plowman's straw is this. A couple of weeks after her Navy husband's plane disappeared, two Americans were spotted and their descriptions tally pretty well with the description of James Plowman and his pilot. Two of the nine prisoners who have been released have mentioned Buzz Ellison. Buzz Ellison was James Plowman's pilot. She wants to explain a little more fully why she, too, continues to hope. There was this other woman. Just a few weeks ago she heard from her husband: He'd been missing four and a half years. All that time she'd been writing him—writing into the void. In that first letter to her, he asks how the child is. Kathy wants to make sure I get it. *Child*, not *son* or *daughter*. The wife was pregnant when he was shot down. He assumes a child was born. But when he doesn't say boy or girl, mention a name, she knows that all those letters, over all those years, addressed to Central Post Office, Hanoi, have been held up or destroyed. Why did they decide to let him write at all? And why now?

The women have an answer. Because of the pressure they and other men and women like them have brought to bear. Because of the publicity they're giving to the issue. And they trot out the figures. There are 1,586 men missing in action in North and South Vietnam and Laos (no one has heard anything from any man missing in the South or in Laos so for the moment we won't count them). About eight hundred of the missing men are fliers, shot down over the North. In the five years from 1965 to 1969, six hundred letters had come out from 115 men; in the six months between December 1969 and June 1970—after the families started agitating—1,200 letters have been received from 320 men. And they mention something else. A year or more ago, in November 1968, Hanoi announced that it would, as a humanitarian gesture, release three prisoners to a delegation of peaceniks headed by Rennie Davis and Dave Dellinger. And they did. They set free three Americans, none of whom had been in their hands more than six months, all of whom were in good shape. When Secretary Laird, last May, devoted an entire speech to the prisoner issue, Hanoi's response was to allow six Americans (one of them Admiral McCain's son—it was the first word he received that his son was alive) to broadcast messages that they were alive and well. In addition, Hanoi freed another three prisoners. This time, because Hanoi wanted to wring the greatest possible credit internationally from the gesture, it freed men who had been in prison two or more years, men in need of medical care. They, too, were released to a peace delegation.

What about the peaceniks and their efforts on behalf of the prisoners? I asked. I had read that some women had refused to accept mail from their husbands which the peaceniks had brought out rather than go along with demands that they join the end-the-war propaganda campaign.

Kathy doesn't buy it. We can't, she says. "We'll grab at any straw." If they have to work through the Dellingers & Haydens & Weisses they will. Candy, who was one of the wives who went to Paris last year to plead with the Vietnamese delegation for news of their husbands, comments that when they asked North Vietnamese delegate Xuan Oanh what they could do to help, he told them to work with Dr. Spock and Women Strike for Peace. "We dropped that right there," she says. She adds that Xuan Oanh was the only delegate who would see them at all and that he was very kind, very sympathetic. He hasn't been heard from since. He's not in Paris. Candy muses, "You don't suppose they've sent him down the Ho Chi Minh Trail?" The others are amused. They've heard it before but still it's fun. Anyway, they tell me, Hanoi's position is that all American prisoners in its camps *are* allowed to write one letter a month to their families and the reason the wives and parents aren't getting the letters is that, what else? the Central Intelligence Agency doesn't want the letters delivered and intercepts them. Jane explains further. "We address our mail to the prisoners care of Central Post Office, Hanoi. They obviously think that all mail to the States goes through a Central Post Office, Washington, D.C."

HANOI, they say, is big on gestures and pronouncements. But, all told over the years, it has released only nine Americans, in groups of three and always to the custody of American peaceniks. It has never given out anything like a complete list of its prisoners. It gives out the news in dribs and drabs to suit its own purposes. Examples: Hanoi did respond to an appeal by Swedish Prime Minister Palme. It gave him a list—the first and only official list incidentally. And it contained fourteen names—only two of which are new. A list published by Chicago Veterans for Peace last November had "dated" information according to the Pentagon. Two of the seven photographs were of men who had been re-

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leased a year earlier. A second list released that same week had only one new name. Last Christmas, Women Strike for Peace, with great fanfare, published a list of 141 names it had brought back from Hanoi. Most of them were repeats, very few were new. Jane interjects: "Bill's name is on all those lists. I wish it weren't. I wish some other women could know what had happened to her husband." A fortnight ago there was a big flurry. Cora Weiss, of the Committee of Liaison with Families of Servicemen Detained in North Vietnam, brought out a list of 334 names. Hanoi radio announced that this was the list of all the men it had in its prison camps—complete and final. But the United States knows of 376 men that North Vietnam holds or has held. This latest list like so many in the past was, according to a Pentagon spokesman, "inaccurate, incomplete, from unofficial sources." He added: "There are no names on the list that are new to us."

The prisoners are an asset to Hanoi, says Kathy. North Vietnam can dole out the names, allow more letters out, let parcels and letters in, for its own propagandistic purposes, when it wants to and how it wants to. "We've got to change that. We've got to put so much pressure on them that these prisoners will become a liability to the North." That's what the National League of Families of American Prisoners is all about.

WHAT about H. Ross Perot? He's the Texas multimillionaire who flew a planeload of food parcels, Christmas gifts, medical supplies and letters to Laos last Christmas hoping to be allowed to deliver them to American prisoners of war in North Vietnam. Which he never got to do. Candy and Kathy and Jane think Perot is great. He's got no personal axe to grind. But he did something that dramatized the situation. They tell this story about that abortive mission of his.

In Vientiane, the Laotian capital, North Vietnamese delegates threw back at Perot the charge that prisoners of the "army of national liberation"—technically Hanoi continues not to acknowledge that Northerners are fighting in the South—were being mistreated in South Vietnamese POW camps. Perot flew to Saigon. He enlisted the cooperation of newsmen, of photographers, of TV camera crews and of the U.S. and South Vietnamese authorities. His group toured the POW camps. They took pictures, stills and movies. They talked to the prisoners. They collected thousands of letters from them for their families back North. Back to Vientiane. The North Vietnamese refused to look at evidence. They wouldn't accept the pictures. And Perot wouldn't hand over the letters. The prisoners had told him to deliver them to their families if he could but by no means to entrust them to North Vietnamese authorities or even to Central Post Office Hanoi. They feared reprisals against their families.

Once a man sets forth down the Ho Chi Minh Trail he is gone, finished—he might as well be vaporized—so far as his family in the North is concerned. It is a one-way street. Nothing comes back up the trail by way of news. No R&Rs for Hanoi's soldiers; no one-year tours in the war zone. The soldier, if he survives, will not return home until the battle has been won and South Vietnam conquered.

Every week American and South Vietnamese authorities file a report, as required by the Geneva Convention, with the International Red Cross in Geneva giving in all the required detail the names, condition and place of incarceration of captured North Vietnamese troops. That list is there in Geneva and available. Hanoi has never consulted it. North Vietnam's Candys and Kathys and Janes could know what has happened to their husbands and brothers and sons; could know if they are in prison, if they have been wounded, how they are now, whether or not they are dead. But that might get in the way of the Communist wave of the future Ho and his successors are planning for Indochina it might indicate the dimensions of the losses suffered by North Vietnam in the South. So there will be no letters home, no lists of dead and wounded, no information. Just the memory of the heroic soldier in the army of national liberation fighting to the death against the yankee imperialists and their corrupt lackeys in Saigon.

Most of the letters by those abandoned North Vietnamese POWs lie in sacks in warehouses today; the pictures are going brown around the edges. A few can be seen right now in an exhibit mounted and paid for by Perot in the crypt of the Capitol in Washington. They show Northern prisoners in the Southern camps; they also show a few pictures of American prisoners in the North.

A man in a cage.

"I knew they kept them in cages, and about the cockroaches and the rats," Candy says. "But I didn't know, before I saw those pictures, that they were fastened down. Lying on their backs, with their legs and arms fettered . . . Lots of them have dysentery. . . ."

Janie adds: "In some places they just dig holes in the ground and drop them in. They throw food down to them, and let them live there in their own waste."

They mention these facts with very little emotion. But then these are the kind of facts they've been living with for five, three, two years.

What worries them now is Vietnamization.

AMERICAN troop withdrawals continue, South Vietnam takes over more and more of the actual fighting. Eventually our troop presence is skeletal. The fighting continues in desultory fashion, on a hit-and-run raid level. There's no formal armistice or peace treaty. Just the de-escalation. That's what everyone is hoping for from Richard Nixon on down. That's the way everyone would like to see the scenario run out. But Hanoi has said it won't release its American prisoners until every last American soldier is out of the country. No strategic projection as of now calls for that. So will their husbands—at any rate Janie's—have their misery prolonged?

The senators—they've talked to lots of them, too—tell the wives that of course the Americans will be released when the withdrawal is completed. Why would Hanoi want to keep the prisoners at that time?

But the families don't believe in Hanoi's goodwill. They know that even though an armistice was signed at Panmunjom, North Korea failed to account for 389 Americans who had had one time or another been known to be prisoners. The families of those prisoners of an earlier war against a Communist foe in Asia—nearly twenty years later—still have heard nothing.

But back to Hanoi. Will a government that, as a matter of politics, withholds information from its own people about their own men, its soldiers, will such a government suddenly throw wide its prison gates unless it is forced to do so? They don't believe it. There's no reason they should from their very own, very personal, very bitter experiences with the Reds.

"The prisoners will never be released until we can make them a liability to Hanoi," Candy insists.

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LETTER FROM PNOMPENH

Talking with Cambodians

JOHN R. THOMSON

"THERE ARE no signs at all of a civil war in Cambodia," said Deupty Prime Minister Sirik Matak. "The only problem we face is that an aggressor nation has invaded Cambodia and is fighting us." I would have expected such statements from the leader of any beleagured nation, but after a month of visiting most of the key population centers and numerous villages, I was convinced of their absolute validity.

"After the end of June, we do not want any foreign troops on our soil. Insofar as possible, it will be our task to chase away the Communists," declared Sirik Matak, a member of the ruling triumvirate. "We believe Mao Tse-tung's theory that fish live only in water: Cambodia is not the kind of water for Communism."

It seems evident that the great majority of Sirik Matak's countrymen agree with him and support the current government, although their reasons for doing so range from anti-Sihanoukism to hatred of the Vietnamese. The following is representative of the cross-section of Cambodian people in every walk of life with whom I spoke.

Heng Sok is a non-commissioned officer in the Cambodian army who had returned to farming two years ago after 25 years as a soldier. In March, at age 58 and the father of sixteen children, Heng Sok volunteered for active duty when the Lon Nol regime asked all former soldiers to return. His story is typical of the older Cambodian peasant: He knew Sihanouk well and had respected him, but for some time had been confused by stories of his friendship with the Vietnamese. Since childhood, Heng had been taught that Vietnamese were alien and could not understand why the Prince would deal with such people.

After the coup of March 18 the government revealed the reason why. For years it seemed, Sihanouk had been selling food and transporting arms to the Vietcong-North Vietnamese troops based in Cambodia's eastern provinces. Reports over Radio Khmer convinced Heng that "Samdech" — Father — Sihanouk had betrayed him and his people.

"My province is not threatened, but many of my countrymen are. When the country called us to help defend it against Sihanouk and his VC allies, I wanted to help." After a few days' refresher training Heng was given a Chinese rifle and assigned to the Fiftieth battalion.

On Sunday May 10, Heng Sok volunteered to lead three Cambodian battalions in a drive to link up with South Vietnamese forces on the west side of the Mekong. I was less than thirty feet from him when a Vietcong booby-trap severed the artery in his right leg. After a corpsman gave emergency treatment, I drove him to the hospital fourteen miles north at Koki. His last words to me: "Thank you. I hope to see you on the next offensive."

Lee Kim Chin, twenty, had a break that few Chinese hoteliers would dream of: He was sent by the state-owned tourist company, Sokhar, to learn the hotel business in Montreal. After eighteen months of studying modern hotel methods (which included the learning of French and English), Lee returned to Cambodia and was assigned to a hotel in the Angkor Wat-Siem Reap area.

"I was given a wonderful opportunity by the government under Prince Sihanouk. But that doesn't—and didn't—blind me to what was going on under his reign. He was selling out the country to the Vietcong. And all of us are paying for it now.

"Normally we work eight hours a day in the hotel. Now, we work twelve hours in addition to at least three hours of military training. I don't like war or the handling of guns, but I'm happy to have the chance to defend my country. Two months ago we weren't ready for anything; today we could give an invading force a good fight. Tomorrow, look out."

That night after our talk, Lee took up his post manning a sandbagged bunker on the roof of the hotel. He and his fellow employees each spend three nights a week keeping a round-the-clock guard and conducting street patrols of Cambodia's major tourist center.

A squad of Communist soldiers approached Chet Ai recently as he worked his small farm in Kompong Cham province and made a hard-to-resist offer. If he would fight and work with them, they would give him an obsolete Chinese machine gun and (no longer valid) Cambodian currency. Should he refuse, he, his wife and baby would be killed.

Chet Ai joined up with what turned out to be a 250-300 man Vietcong unit. Within 48 hours he had been captured by Cambodian troops sweeping through Peam Cheang, one of Kompong Cham province's five French-owned rubber plantations. Cambodian soldiers, furious at finding one of their countrymen fighting for the Communists, started to beat Chet Ai. The company commander stopped the beating in order to interrogate Chet Ai. He found that Chet Ai was evidently an unwilling conscript and threatened personally to whip any soldier who hurt the captive.

Obviously upset about having been captured by his countrymen, Chet Ai asked, "But what would you do? What could any of us do? We either marched with them, carried their ammunition and did their chores—or died, and our families with us."

NEITHER money nor threats would have moved Douc Rasy. A longtime member of the National Assembly and the head of the team that is rewriting the constitution Douc Rasy is considered the most independent, incorruptible man in public life. "If Sihanouk was thrown out," says Douc Rasy, "it was because he didn't respect the constitution. He put himself above the law."

"On June 19, 1968 Sihanouk threatened over the radio to have me and another assemblyman killed. Last December he tried to have me and four of my colleagues arrested but General Lon Nol intervened. Since 1967 Sihanouk had ordered the death of thousands—whom he called Communists or members of the bourgeoisie—without protection of the law. In one speech in June 1968, Sihanouk explained his deeds: 'If they [the supposed Communist and bourgeois] had lived, I would have had bad dreams. Now they are dead, I have no bad dreams.' It was this kind of despotism that lost him the support of most of the people."

According to Douc Rasy, one of the important jobs of the members of Cam-

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WOMEN'S LIB

Women as Feminists

J. D. TIERNEY

MR. CLEAN sat on an ottoman in a window corner of the immaculate penthouse apartment, buffing his nails. He wore his lounging clothes: burnished moccasins, long black socks, madras Bermudas and a yellow tennis shirt with the insignia of his club on the left breast. He was carefully barbered and wore a proper cologne. Mrs. Clean, Nordic, sat across from him in covert slacks and white cashmere pullover. She was on the love-seat under a Braque, hers, reading the *Left Quarterly*. She put it aside.

"I see the women's liberation movement is growing," she said.

Mr. Clean put his buffer down on the glass top of the caisson-wheel coffee table and said, "Fine."

"Those in the movement say that even the New Left has been a hellhole for women. That all they are allowed to do is lick envelopes and sweep floors; can't get in on policy-making."

"Very bad," said Mr. Clean.

"They have demanded more recognition at *Newsweek* and have invaded the offices of the *Ladies' Home Journal*."

"Good."

Mrs. Clean went on. "They are challenging the validity of marriage and children. They say they earn less then men, even in the professions, and that they are equally qualified."

"So they are."

"One of their leaders, I forget her name, has written 'We will not be leered at, smirked at, whistled at by men enjoying their private fantasies of rape and dismemberment.' "

"I don't blame her," said Mr. Clean. "I'll admit to fantasies of rape."

"Of whom?"

"But dismemberment, no. I think these ladies should continue their karate lessons. Karate is a comforting psychological weapon. They should do more. Organize a little cathartic terror."

"Rot," said Mrs. Clean. "It's a mass tantrum. Have you seen their pictures? Remember those raunchies on television, invading the men-only lunch place? They wouldn't get raped in a lumber camp."

Mr. Clean stood up, turned, looked out at four pigeons muttering on the terrace. "Inconsequential," he said. "The avant garde always lacks either charm or beauty: Marx, Paine, Proudhon, Wagner, Carrie Chapman Catt, Shaw, Margaret Sanger, Joyce, Lizzie Borden, the Webbs, George Sand."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Clean.

"Rosa Luxemburg," he went on. "Ghandi, Charlotte Corday, Woodrow Wilson, Mao; *La Pasionaria*, Gompers."

"That's a shallow, ill-informed comment," said Mrs. Clean. "These New Feminists are neurotic. Every one of them. Think of abolishing the family! That's Shakerism."

"A strong Shaker movement would be a blessing today."

"Who would practice it? We never would have had Jeremy and Susan."

Mr. Clean sighed. "Would that have been a tragedy?" he asked. "Are you proud that Jeremy is pushing the Episcopal Church Center to sponsor a love-in at Portsmouth Abbey? That Susan plays the nose flute?"

"That's a stupid, callous thing to say. You think like one of those women, if that's what one can call them."

"I do not think like them. I'm not creative enough to originate their kind of protest. But I understand them and sympathize with them."

"They don't need your sympathy, or deserve it, for whatever it's worth."

"Yes they do. And my sympathy begets my support. I'm not poor, as you know. Or ungenerous, as you well know. As soon as I can locate a responsible group I'll send a contribution."

"Pah," said Mrs. Clean. "How could you possibly understand them? It takes a woman to do that. And I say they're strident eccentrics." She got up from the love-seat and started to pace up and down.

Mr. Clean returned to the ottoman. "Today's woman needs help," he said, "because she's a victim of technology. The Industrial Revolution did her in."

"How?"

"By taking her off the farm. Woman is fulfilled only in a rural society. I'm talking about the early nineteenth century and before."

"Before what?"

"Before the cities started to grow. Before urban industrial development. Before emigration from the farms. Before the suburbs, with all their evils. Just think for a minute of the nineteenth-century farm wife. Cooking meals of fresh meat and vegetables. Baking fresh fruit pies. Making clothes and soap. Helping in the fields in spring and during the harvest. Poets wrote about her. Equal to a yearly bout with obstetrics, and competent to raise sensible children."

"Yes. Ignorant, isolated, deprived, worn out in her thirties."

"BUT content with her share of the world's work," said Mr. Clean. "Secure. Contributing to humanity's two basic needs: the production of children and food. Living with nature, and the comforting atmosphere of animal husbandry. The machine has killed it all. That's why the New Feminists have my sympathy."

"What would you do, put them back on the farm?"

"Certainly not. There are hundreds of careers now closed to them, and well paid, where aggressive people are needed."

"Name a few," said Mrs. Clean.

"I will. Right now the country needs good sandhogs, lumberjacks, middle linebackers, structural steel workers, gandy dancers, center fielders. All of them occupations closed to women."

"Oaf jobs."

"Football coaches."

"Idiotic."

"Drama critics. Oh," Mr. Clean added, "and now that youth is so disorderly—fathers! Think of it. Woman as father. The greatest privilege of all. And a denial in which God and man have conspired!"

Mrs. Clean left the room. The bedroom door slammed. He chuckled, "Scratch a woman and you'll find a feminist every time." Then he frowned and shouted, "Lysistrata!" □

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DELECTATIONS

Sunday Night in Terracina

HUGH KENNER

Was it into this little bay that she came from the sea, borne on that great shell, hurried by fragrant winds, up toward the morning shadow of that mountain? Local tradition says so; one respects it; with the reservation that in half a dozen other Mediterranean sea-towns punctilio would constrain respect for exactly the same tradition. On the flat top of the mountain a temple called Jove's looks seaward.

Northward, out of sight, at the far end of the great bay of which this little bay is a detail, another mountain, called Circeo, commemorates Circe. There, by local tradition, Ulysses put in. One respects that tradition likewise. The traditions intimidate no one, least of all the Sunday drivers. A massive wasp-like noise fills the timeless air, foursquare persistent noise a blunt knife would cut, scintillant with the shock of abrupt gear-changes. Virtuosi of the gear-box, Leonardo's countrymen. Floodlights maintain the contour of Jove's temple against a darkening milky sky. The heart of Terracina, two blocks from the sea, is bathed in mercury vapor light as in blue acid.

The heart of Terracina is a square, its quadrangularity established by two concrete light standards and two palms, holding streams of traffic apart as four fingers will hold apart a skein of wool. The traffic circulates, circulates. No one parks. There is no place to park, so many dozen cars are parked already, agleam in mercury light.

And it is impossible to imagine where the tenants of all the parked cars have gone. The eight eateries one passes, sauntering round the square, are all deserted. Trattoria. Pizzeria. BAR (neon/neon/neon/). On the sidewalk, stone miniature sarcophagi hold dwarf orange trees. Oblivious to flies, immobile waiters clutch trays like lowered shields, waiting. Where are the folks they wait for? Except loitering youths casting connoisseurs' eyes on cars, and one great woman in black with a carton of milk, there is no foot traffic.

On one establishment, "Recommended by the Anglo-American Touring Association," a placard in four languages obtends the Tourist Menu at 650 lire (say a dollar): a first course, a second course with vegetables, cheese or fruit or sweet, and a quarter-liter of a table wine or a glass of local beer or other aerated beverage or a half-size bottle of mineral water, bread, cover, service and taxes all included. Had waiters not souls, one would say there was not a soul in the place. With trees and with an awning, it is the most pretentious joint on the square.

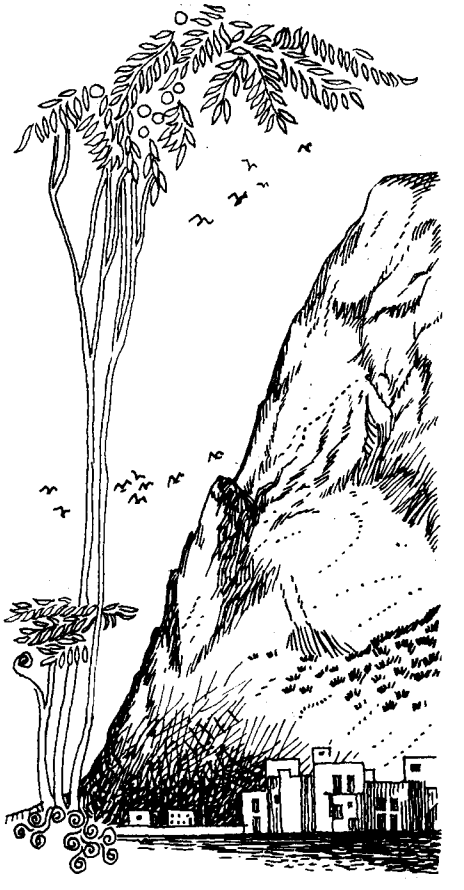
Fruitti di Mare, further along, pretends less. Over its sidewalk patio metal trellis-work supports corrugated plastic, atop which vines attempt the effect of flowering eaves. But the vines are scant, the plastic sags and is propped with bed-slats and broomsticks.

There's more life here. The proprieter, black-moustached, bald head grey-fringed, shambles bow-legged like a fifteen-watt bulb on legs. A boy, surely his, say age eight, has the blank eyes and the beginnings of a pot, and will one day attain that fifteen-watt profile. Meanwhile his pink shirt and black velvet slacks say "Look out, girls." How soon the drop into desuetude will come is the question that overhangs all males. As the square livens, as the tables are occupied, ferocious vectors of energy grow manifest, all female. *Saevae memorem junonis ob iram*, wrote Vergil, assigning cause to Aeneas's troubles: the unforgetting wrath of cruel Juno. She and the operatic Dido are his storm-centers.

He came from his village amid the Mincian marches, a country boy to gape in the big city, always remembering the viragos of Mantua. Latin literature by and large expresses the amazement of country boys: hillbilly Ovid from Sulmona, Propertius the indecorous from bland Assisi, Catullus down from Verona in the howling north. With marveling eyes they stared at the folk of Rome, and filled out their incomprehension from memory of the folk at home: mostly women, turbulent, vivid; like this one:

Red sweater and pearls bespeak ascendancy. She keeps her feet, she snaps her fingers, gestures. The two men of her party trust their sprawl will pass for nonchalance. The older woman whose fingers mangle bread has ceded the sceptre; her amused face remembers her own day of dominance. Now it is her daughter? daughter-in-law? who stamps a foot for the waiter, sends back a displeasing pizza, sluices the males with exhortation, never shifting an eye from the schoolboy son. He is tasting without spirit his last years of male freedom, roaming amid the the tables, kicking dropped oranges and candy wrappers.

In an office in the heart of the square—it is now late evening—a lean man waits beside the phone, six coffee-cups and a ledger on his desk, a rubber-plant conferring feeble class. Across a whole wall behind him a large tapestry—"Ultimum



Judicium"—bids us foresee (Luke 21:27) the Son of Man *venetum in nube cum potestata magna et majestate*. This is Scifoni: *Pompes Funebres*. At any moment his phone may jingle. Should you die in Terracina the number to call is 76367. □

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FRANK S. MEYER

THE COURSE OF GARRY WILLS

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

One of the hazards of political journalism is knowing personally a man whose ideas one is criticizing. There is something about knowing him as a real human being that makes it amazingly difficult to give his ideas proper intellectual quietus. All the more difficult, then, when what is under consideration is the political and ideological right-about-face of a man who is a former colleague of many years' standing and still a close personal friend.

In the first half dozen or so of Garry Wills' recently initiated syndicated columns, he has boxed the radical compass. There is no important element of the current Left syndrome that he has not touched upon in defense or apology. They are all there: scorn for Nixon, Agnew, Mitchell—to say nothing of Kissinger and Moynihan; support for immediate unilateral withdrawal from Vietnam; contempt for any thought that Soviet power threatens the world ("the silly abstract talk of war rooms, which must sound very impressive to Richard Nixon, with his silly Fifties' mind"); essentially sympathetic apology (even if written in the uncommitted style of the New Journalism) for the Black Panthers, the "kids," the drug culture.

Perhaps the best way to give an idea of the more uncommitted of his apologetic writing is to quote a few sentences from his column on drugs:

"Drugs, as opposed to booze, are conceived of as leading one from the rambunctious to the ruminative, from 'I never get something for nothing' to 'I give and receive freely from my brothers in community.' Call it a higher or lower moral standard; but recognize that it is a new moral standard; one symbolized by drugs, in ways that older generations used booze as a symbol (of degradation or geniality). Drugs as a symbol . . . an effort at meaningful speech."

Or, more directly, a typical tired liberal cliché of the past half century, furbished up with current radical examples:

"Nixon's 'war on crime' begins to look like a selective battle—urging a crackdown on blacks who loot storefronts, but hushing up talk of corporation heads and congressmen where the theft of millions may be at stake."

Or, egging on the campus radicals:

"Henry Kissinger will be welcome on no campus when he leaves government. Neither should Moynihan be if he stays on. Politicians like Finch should be rejected at the polls if they continue to serve as window-dressing for this government (this war) . . . Pat Moynihan . . . should be met in public and in private, wherever he goes, with one word, repeated, if need be pre-empting all other discourse, reducing it always to the one word, the one thing he can do now that matters—'Resign!' "

Such rhetoric, such opinions come with saddening shock to Garry Wills' conservative associates of many years. For the friend we can only weep and hope. Of the radical apologist and agitator, however, more must be said. What are the origins and causes of this political apostasy?

These recent developments have not come entirely out of the blue. The warning signals have been flying for some time. Conservative readers have been troubled by Garry Wills' articles in *Esquire* over the past two years, with their ambiguously hostile portrayal of Nixon, their outright contempt for Agnew and Middle America, and their permissive tolerance toward rioters, black and white. Or, for that matter, his reporting of the Miami and Chicago Conventions in NATIONAL REVIEW in 1968 disturbed me sufficiently to inspire a rebuttal to his attack on Mayor Daley.

But until the inauguration of his column this summer there remained an ambiguity. The writing was not conservative, but yet it had a certain ironic detachment. It had a discernible relationship to the tone of his major contribution to conservative thought, *The Convenient State*—which, although I do not share its point of view, represents a valid position within the conservative spectrum. In his recent columns, however, there is no irony and no ambiguity. He has become a straightforward defender of today's basic radical position.

What is it possible to discern in his transitional writing that will explain the development of his new outlook? I would say that there are four major factors which go back a long way—one emotional, three intellectual—and which go far to explain what is happening.

Emotionally, he has been, to put it bluntly, a sucker for the spirit and élan of revolutionary movements, black or white. He is intoxicated by demonstrations as some men are intoxicated by alcohol.

Intellectually, the most disastrous of his errors in its impingement upon his world-view is his failure to understand the ruthless, implacable drive of Soviet Communism to world domination. He has accepted the fashionable notion that no one can govern the modern world, forgetting that a power like the Soviet Union, coldblooded in its use of terror, can control with terror, and cares little about governing in the classical sense.

The second of his intellectual errors is his scorn for the free-enterprise system and the market economy. Their intimate connection with freedom, indeed their intrinsic necessity as a foundation for freedom in the modern world, he categorically rejects.

And, pervading all his writing today, holding together his radical position, is an attitude he shares with the whole of the New Left: utter contempt for Middle America, its values, its virtues, its instinctive grasp of what the United States and the West have always stood for. Middle America is the last heir of Western civilization. In rejecting it Garry Wills rejects what has made his country and his civilization great. □

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Soft Underbelly of Development

CECIL OSBAINE

The Challenge of World Poverty: A World Anti-Poverty Program in Outline
By Gunnar Myrdal
Pantheon, 518 pp., $8.95

Gunnar Myrdal's latest book is, by his own statement, a kind of summary and derivative from his massive *Asian Drama: An Inquiry into the Poverty of Nations.* Like most of Myrdal's work, it is complex, brilliant in spots, poorly organized and annoyingly didactic. There is no attempt to define the key word "poverty"; that concept seems to be subsumed, for Myrdal, under two ideas—"development" and "modernization." As one tries to follow these two faint trails, they seem to come together, become fainter and suddenly lead one into policy recommendations without any foundations—giving rise to the suspicion, further reinforced throughout the book, that the policy recommendations came first, born out of the author's passionate subconscious, with a superstructure of justification added later, fading into vagueness just where the keystone of the argument should be. Any resemblance to Karl Marx's technique of coming to a "policy" conclusion in the *Manifesto* and spending the rest of his life giving it a "scientific" foundation through *Das Kapital* is purely coincidental, no doubt.

Myrdal defines his categorical imperative, "development," as "a macroplan for inducing changes simultaneously in a great number of conditions, and doing it in such a way as to coordinate all these changes in order to reach a maximum development effect of efforts and sacrifices." Leaving aside the tautological aspect of the definition (even more obvious in another of Myrdal's definitions: "Development is the movement upward of the whole system"), it is striking as a good working definition of totalitarianism in its early messianic phases, before the onset of consolidating authoritarianism.

WHAT of "modernization"? The author laudably condemns the tendency of modern social scientists to pretend that their approach is value-free—"A disinterested social science has never existed and can never come to exist—for logical reasons." His own values, he tells us, are expressed in the "modernization ideals" as instruments. "Ah ha," we think, "at last we will grab a social scientist by the tail," and we go on eagerly. But no, he has wriggled away again. Here are the "modernization ideals," which, Myrdal warns us, are chosen "because they are rational for development, not because they are Western" (they just happen to be Western):

a) rationality (who aims for irrationality?)
b) development and development planning (oops, there we go again!)
c) rise of productivity (production of what, why, for whom?)
d) rise of levels of living (like Cadillacs? *Pravda?* State opera?)
e) improved institutions and attitudes (wouldn't we all?)
f) national independence and consolidation (but Western countries are scolded for being nationalistic, which is equated with reaction)
g) social discipline (one shudders at the underlying meaning)
h) social and economic equalization (Myrdal's way of expressing the immanence of a society of perfect justice and freedom and sinlessness of man).

Myrdal rightly takes to task the current academic and bureaucratic approach to development, calling it "'diplomatic,' forbearing and overoptimistic." He believes, with good reason, that the underdeveloped countries are not solving their problems and are at best standing still while the population problem threatens catastrophic reductions of already low living standards. However, he points out, there is no "revolution of rising expectations," the peasants are basically passive, and the upper classes are content to talk reform and actually exploit the masses. His demolition of assumptions as to the validity of economic and social statistics in Africa, Asia and Latin America is long overdue.

HE BELIEVES that two problems must be solved before true development and modernization can occur. Emphasizing that the underdeveloped countries themselves are the prime actors with the primary responsibility, he calls for urgent radical reforms to "break up inegalitarian and rigid economic and social stratification." Also essential is a great increase in economic aid from Western countries, the active encouragement of imports from the underdeveloped countries (*à la* Raoul Prebisch), and the differential use of aid to encourage receiving governments to undertake "radical reforms."

Myrdal is a bit vague as to the specifics of the "reforms" which will eliminate what he calls the "soft states" of the underdeveloped world. Among them are land tenure reform and the "redirection of education," including its content. Luckily, however, Myrdal finally comes up with an example of a regime that is doing all the things which need to be done and which the United States should be encouraging its aid recipients to accomplish. The Vietcong! Myrdal complains bitterly that neither peasants, upper classes, middle classes nor intellectuals in other underdeveloped countries are really interested in his vague "radical reforms." There may still be some hope among some students and intellec-

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tuals, but not much. In other words, there is little or no support for them. But Myrdal insists that the United States Government has a transcendental duty to bribe, blackmail and persuade other underdeveloped regimes to behave like the Vietcong. Perhaps Senator Fulbright, who in *The Arrogance of Power* fulminates against the imperialism allegedly inherent in American aid policies but also urges American bribery to induce "reforms," could help Myrdal define unethical interference in the internal affairs of sovereign states.

There is no need to describe what Myrdal thinks of military aid, aid tied to alliances or even aid tied to donor-country production. He urges massive increases in aid, to be sold to the Western publics as humanitarian measures and as steps to world solidarity, world egalitarianism and even (shining goal) "a world welfare state." Myrdal deplores the current absence of a world state, even while bemoaning the lack of "national consolidation and independence" in the underdeveloped world. In this connection, his naïveté as to practical politics comes out almost pitifully; he regards the burgeoning sub-nationalisms of India, for example, as petty annoyances which interfere with education toward development and which can and should be "reformed" away.

THE saddest of the passions to which this brilliant mind is harnessed is a virulent anti-Americanism. The United States is described as an underdeveloped country as manifested by widespread bribery and evasion of law (contrasted with Western European countries like France and Italy!). It is described as being only apparently rich, but really not as rich as the Western European Countries because it has not yet "paid its debt to its own poor and oppressed." American private business abroad is portrayed as a prime and direct cause of the habits of bribery that plague the societies of "soft states." Worst of all is a final chapter on Latin America. Here, writing about a region of which he has no first-hand knowledge, Myrdal's envious hatred for the United States comes out in full glory. Everything which is wrong with Latin America is attributed to American stupidity or malice. *Inter alia*, he recommends that the United States encourage and assist Latin American countries to nationalize American business interests there.

Myrdal's learning and intellect are the prisoners of his socialist value system. Like Winnie the Pooh, he has dug a trap to catch the Heffalump of an earthly Paradise. Like Pooh, he has got his head stuck in a honey pot, the honey of envy and pride. And, like Pooh, oblivious of the bright morning, he has raised his head and uttered a Loud, Roaring Noise of Sadness and Despair. □

The End of the American Era
By Andrew Hacker
Atheneum, 239 pp., $6.50

GOODBYE, AMERICA

DAVID BRUDNOY

If Andrew Hacker doesn't have his money in Swiss bank accounts, he should. His vision of the United States today is so morose ("America's history as a nation has reached its end") that one wonders why he waited around for his book to appear. Not that some of Mr. Hacker's insights aren't intriguing. On liberals, for instance, he writes of their "mission to locate those victims of oppression scheduled for a rendezvous with history. Indeed, an implicit assumption of liberalism has been that every society possesses a class whose hour in history is about to arrive." He then shows how liberals die a thousand deaths for any Negro—at a distance—but don't give two hoots about, say, impoverished white Americans. "Liberal sentiments have always been selective, choosing their objects of compassion with a careful eye for the tenor of the times. Racial minorities will occupy this special position only so long as they qualify as society's downtrodden classes." And he goes on, occasionally popping his shiv into conservatives, who "explicitly admit the need for repression," but generally getting his jollies by doing in his own. The thing about much of the material on liberals is that it's been done before, in *Up From Liberalism*.

Professor Hacker's gibes at the "illusion of individuality" are almost as pointed as those in Daniel Boorstin's *The Image: A Guide to Pesudo-Events in America*. And the chapter on "domestic dissonance" has some of the bite of Phillip Wylie's *Generation of Vipers*. Hacker's remarks about youth are very good: S. I. Hayakawa out of Eric Hoffer by Paul Goodman. Eventually it dawned on me that the intermittent charm of parts of the book is that they're derivative of other, better writers.

Most of what I take to be the basic message of Mr. Hacker's jeremiad, however, is dreadful. Aside from his latter-day Spenglerianism, what especially depresses me is the piling up of banalities. What can one do with, or say about, this vision of postwar America: "Every American has been affected: all wear the imprint of an epoch filled with excitement, uncertainty and the suspicion that they are part of the end of an era." Taken apart, the sentence presents a truism, a cliché and a gross incorrect generalization. In that order.

Reading page after page of this sort of thing, like the chapter of watered-down Vance Packard and W. H. Whyte, all professedly devoted to giving the hot poop on American business, leads me to wonder whom this book is intended for. A sophisticated reader has seen all the important stuff already; any intelligent observer will realize straightaway that Mr. Hacker's mini-Marxism is as rigidly deterministic as the original, and as fallacious; and children, after all, should be protected. Perhaps Professor Hacker designed his book to be read by young Middle Americans for quick thrills out behind the haystack. Imagine little Zeph and Mary Lou squealing at: "Corporate wealth, then, is spent as a corporation wishes." Won't that just send them off to hunt up Ralph Nader?

MR. Hacker wrenches our emotions with his chapter on "superfluous Americans." Take one part inverted Dr. Szasz, two parts Kerner Report, add a dash of Senator McGovern in an election year ("An annual 'guaranteed family income' of $3,500 or even $4,000 will no longer satisfy any but the vestiges of our rural peasantry"), toss in a pinch of Luddittism, and you've got Instant Hacker. Dismal as those pages are, surely the dreariest section is that on "Civil War." Here he takes some of the blood and guts of Garry Wills' *Second Civil War* (without so much as an acknowledgment, of course), mixes it with a schmaltzy residue of bathos reminiscent of something like Oscar Handlin's *The Uprooted*, sprinkles it here and there with a statistic from the recent Eisenhower Commission report, pops it in the oven for a half-baking, and for frosting socks it to everybody once more: "The liberal wants blacks to stay in their ghettos, with the hope that they will be happy there. The conservative also favors

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RANDOM NOTES

■ OCTOBER BOOKS: Would you believe $12.50 for Neill McNeil's *Dirksen* (World)? . . . Robert Ardrey's third book is on the nature and formation of human society and is entitled *The Social Contract* (Atheneum, $10). . . . Churchill's Anglo-American views get probed in *Winston Churchill: An English-Speaking Union*, edited by Kay Halle (Walker, $10). . . . From the same publisher, *From Father to Son: The Letters of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker to His Son William, from Boyhood to Manhood* ($5.95). . . . Veteran newshen Ruth Montgomery tells all in *Hail to the Chiefs: My Life and Hard Times with Six Presidents, Their First Ladies—and Congresses* (Coward-McCann, $6.95). . . . Watch out for John Coyne's *The Kumquat Statement* (Cowles, $5.95).

■ FILE AND (Try To) FORGET: *Dentistry and Its Victims* by "Paul Revere DDS" (St. Martin's, $8.50). . . . Sen. Halfbright's *The Pentagon Propaganda Machine* (Liveright, $5.95). . . . *The Art of Revolution*, with 96—count 'em, 96—Cuban posters, and Susan Sontag and Dugald Stermer to supply The Meaning (McGraw-Hill, $4.95). . . . Shirley Chisholm's autobiography, *Unbought and Unbossed* (Houghton, $6.95). . . . Justice Douglas' *International Dissent* (Random House, $4.95; Vintage paperback, $1.95).

■ STILL OCTOBER, BUT OVERDUE AND/OR LONG-AWAITED (though not by the Administration) is *Nixon Agonistes: The Crisis of a Self-Made Man* (Houghton, $10) by Garry Wills, whose latest epiphany is as a peacenik columnist. . . . *American Violence* by Richard Hofstadter and Michael Wallace (Knopf, $10). . . . *Shakespeare* by Anthony Burgess (Knopf, $15; 48 color plates and 100 halftones). . . . *Of a Fire on the Moon*, wherein Mailer weighs Apollo 11 and the cosmos (Little, Brown, $6.95). . . . And complete for the first time *The Cantos of Ezra Pound* (New Directions, $10).

■ FILMS: Jack Lemmon debuts as a director with *Kotch*, starring Walter Matthau. . . . Mary Wells Rich, head of that go-go agency, has an option on film rights to Gabriel Longo's *Spoiled Priest*. . . . Artie Shaw, seven times a groom but still not bored, bought screen rights to the season's big porno, *The Sensuous Woman* by "J." . . . Disney's *Fantasia*, back at your local theaters after thirty years, is the season's surprise hit. . . . Duke Wayne's newest is *Chisum* with Andrew McLaglen directing.

■ STAGE: Only six new shows of 1969-70 rated by *Variety* as unqualified box-office successes, and two of the six (*The Front Page* and *Private Lives*) were revivals. . . . In the planning stages, tra-la, a musical version of Joe McGinniss' *The Selling of the President*.

■ DECLINE OF THE WEST, BOOK PUBLISHING DIV.: Herder & Herder, launched in 1957 as a Catholic publisher, announces a new twelve-volume series, *Spirit of the Zodiac*.

such sequestration, but does not really care whether the blacks are happy in the ghetto or anywhere else."

You see, the "most prized of all an American's possessions is his money." (I had naïvely thought it might be, oh, liberty and domestic tranquility.) And so, America has lost her *raison d'être*. America is ungovernable. Her time is up. Her people are so wretched that they should all be at each others' throats by next Tuesday. The Villain of Villains, naturally, is American foreign policy. Not only is the "obdurate unwillingness of Americans to undergo considerable sacrifices at home in order to support official positions abroad" a deep clue to our decline, but we are bereft of the "good sense and good grace to follow Denmark and Sweden" in being a second-rate power. Mr. Hacker says Communist intentions do not include an American invasion; ergo, America should simply acknowledge frankly that she is no longer capable of being a great power, and fade away.

Henry Luce, I fear, would turn in his grave were he obliged to contend with Mr. Hacker's conclusion: "Abroad, [Americans] will either make peace with a world they cannot master, or they will turn it into a battleground for yet another century of war. Closer to home, however, Americans will learn to live with danger and discomfort, for this condition is the inevitable accompaniment of democracy in its declining years." Discriminating readers, I trust, will turn to another book. □

FICTION

Baldur's Gate
By Eleanor Clark
Pantheon, 367 pp., $7.95

1968: A Short Novel, An Urban Idyll, Five Stories, and Two Trade Notes
By Richard Stern
Holt, 209 pp., $5.95

Three
By Sylvia Ashton-Warner
Knopf, 242 pp., $5.95

THREE NOVELS: BLAND, ACERBIC, CLASSICAL

GUY DAVENPORT

Some pathologist of the times should apply himself to finding out how and when the bland got into the American spirit. Eleanor Clark's new novel is a veritable public monument to the bland, and it is something of a puzzlement to know how so much serious work went into what was obviously intended to be a major novel, when the theme is indistinguishable from that of soap opera and the characters are as dull as dishwater.

The problem darkens when we note that Miss Clark (*in persona sua* Mrs. Robert Penn Warren) is not an inept writer. We may even say with some certainty that writing a duller, blander *Peyton Place* was not her intention. What happened, I think, is that the spirit of the bland has arisen as the authenticating mark of sincerity, that high state of liberal seizure which it is sacrilege to comment upon and gauche even to notice. It is possible, Miss Clark must have fooled herself, to be terribly serious about certain matters without assuming any of the traditional postures of the novelist. One need not be comic (which involves being low and possibly vulgar), nor tragic (too emotional), nor satiric (what then might not happen to one's sincerity?), nor romantic (Edmund Wilson himself has pointed out the childishness of the marvelous), nor philosophical (there would go the Book of the Month). No, sincerity, bland, low-keyed brow-knitten sincerity, is all. And so the novel was damned to be lugubrious from the start.

It is about a lady who has married the handyman (hero of current New England country life), but also loves the local dimple-chinned brain surgeon, who, in turn, is the son of an old drunk of a sculptor by a very cultivated old party who has published a piece in the *Yale French Review*. Well, the drunken sculptor (in whose hands the art of Saint Gaudens apparently died a terrible death) sobers up and hears about abstract sculpture and is getting a second wind, when Ecology becomes a fashionable subject. He replans the community. Then it turns out that the handyman is

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not really a handyman but the son of some rich people and a hero in the war. Then the teen-agers destroy the sculpture, including the gate of the title (which I think is meant to be Rodin's great Gate redone in coat-hangers). Then the handsome brain surgeon goes bald and obviously cannot be the lover of the lady any more. And so on.

The molasses flow of the plot would not be such a strain on the eyes if the characters in this super-bland novel were in the least interesting. Baldur, the sculptor, is never developed: It is difficult to believe that such a clod could sculpt Donald Duck in soap. The other characters are simply rubber-stamp figures that one can't remember five minutes after closing the novel. Such a novel makes one wonder if reading isn't a frivolity bordering on madness (would an intelligent horse waste his time reading so dull a book?) But perhaps—to find a good word for it, after all—if the Great Blandness is settling upon us, it's well that somebody has written about it, in its own style.

RICHARD STERN, the author of *Golk* and *Stitch*, has never been bland in his life. His prose grows more robust with every book. It also compresses, like a well-exercised muscle. Mr. Stern's new book is therefore a small Sternian library of short pieces any of which might have been fattened out to fashionable size. But Mr. Stern prefers the knuckly fist to the heavy hand, the punch to the suave gesture.

His subject in these sketches is the liberal arts in one straitjacket or another. Creative people in America sooner or later fall in with the academy, "which," as Frank Lloyd Wright once said, "isn't even on speaking terms with culture." It is not the uneasy fortune the arts usually encounter when introduced into the university that arouses the satirical scrutiny in Mr. Stern, but the introduction of the academy into the arts. For instance, Mr. Stern has noticed that men said to be composers are first of all the authors and defenders of theories of music, then professors with disciples and rivals, and *then*, they are composers. *Mama di Dio!* as Rossini would have remarked.

Mr. Stern's academic composer Wendt's latest composition is a setting of definitions from Hoare's *Shorter Italian-English Dictionary* (for wind instruments, radio static and audience coughs). When we meet him he is in Santa Barbara ("a cupful of Genoa") barking his shins on the anti-personnel bamboo spikes of the local *Weisenheimer*. Every once in a while some genius of a satirist gets the exact pungency of aconite emanating from professors; Mr. Stern can do it to perfection.

The intellectual life fascinates Mr. Stern, mainly because it is an alienating force in our world. Something is wrong somewhere: with the world, with the intellectual, with the academy. Mr. Stern is not interested in explaining his grundgy, slightly ridiculous intellectuals. His concern is wholly with their alarmed souls as their liberalism blows up in their faces, as their great sensitivity toward music has no influence whatever on their children, as their studies in ancient wisdom create a gulf rather than rapport between how they live and what they know.

For all his accuracy in satiric detail (the texture of these studies is an opsimath's nightmare), Mr. Stern ultimately wraps his stories in one awful comic perception—our world is both vulgar and incoherent. Its every prominent activity is irrelevant to a sane life. No satirist can claim to have seen more than this, and few have been specific.

IF THE NOVEL as a form goes downhill in unreconstructed stubbornness in the hands of Eleanor Clark, and becomes for Richard Stern an analytical instrument for studying the complexities of human motivation, it remains the classic novel pure and simple in the mastery of Sylvia Ashton-Warner. *Three* is a novel thoroughly Jamesian. It is nothing but a novel, organically elegant and strong, psychologically fine.

Three is a number uncongenial to human relationships; *tertium quid* is the enemy of marriages, even when it is a child. The first pattern, of three Miss Ashton-Warner gives us, is an ailing husband, an estranged wife and a mother-in-law. This treacherous combination sails right through its crisis, only to fall into another, and another, until the novel has exhausted the possibilities of probing the most ambiguous of emotions: mother love, married love and the claims of friendship.

The novel is narrated by the mother-in-law (a feat in itself), a woman who is wise, loving and deferential. How these virtues transmute into stupidity, jealousy and possessiveness is what the novel is about. Miss Ashton-Warner's art is economical, spare, perfect of touch. The impact of this lean little novel is immense, and what it tells about the human heart is well worth knowing. □

Religion and Capitalism: Allies, Not Enemies
By Edmund A. Opitz
Arlington House, 318 pp., $7.00
Christian Counter-Attack
By Arnold Lunn and Garth Lean
Arlington House, 176 pp., $5.00

THE RELIGIOUS ROOTS OF LIBERTY

M. STANTON EVANS

Among the many confusions befuddling American politics these days, none is deeper or more persistent than the idea that capitalism and religious value are in irreconcilable conflict. This is an opinion widely held in our society, shared by people who are otherwise in thorough disagreement.

The opposing schools of thought which begin from this common premise are sufficiently familiar. On the one hand are those who believe that capitalism denies the essential precepts of Judaeo-Christian morality. Free enterprise, in this view, is a system of organized greed which rests on a basis of materialism and "atomistic" individualism. If we want to fulfill religious precepts of charity and humanitarian concern, it is concluded, we must replace this system with a collectivist "social justice" or, in the conservative recension, an imposed regime of virtue.

On the other hand are the professional skeptics and philosophic radicals who say

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religious value has been hostile to freedom and progress and must be overthrown in the interests of enlightenment. In this view it is argued that Christianity has given birth to theocracy and inquisition, and that a true regime of freedom, in the realm of economics or anywhere else, must begin with a denial of religious value. Thus the two schools of thought, angling after different objectives, are as one in asserting that religion and liberty are incompatible.

THE books before us suggest the inaccuracy of this notion. The first, by the Rev. Edmund A. Opitz, argues that the libertarian view of government and the market economy derived from it are not only agreeable to the religious ethic of the West, but direct and provable products of that ethic. The second, by Sir Arnold Lunn and Garth Lean, presents the converse of this proposition. It contends that our modern era of agnosticism and neo-paganism is also an era of systematic oppression, and that the second of these characteristics is traceable to the first. Together, the volumes suggest that faith and freedom are integrally related.

Opitz' volume is a major refutation of the Christian-Socialist, social-gospel view that has become so dominant in Western religious thought. It argues in some detail that the general principles of the free society, as well as many of its particular institutions, are descended from the Judaeo-Christian tradition. Among the features cited are the conception of a higher law above the reach of the political authorities, and the consequent scaling down of the power of the state; affirmation of the dignity and worth of the individual; the pronouncement of a public truth making men capable of rational behavior; the idea that the material order is good and harmonious.

Capitalism, Opitz notes, is a product of this specifically Western way of looking at nature and man and government. When the reach of the state is curtailed and limited to order-keeping functions, when the individual is free to use his energies and resources as a rational being confronting an intelligible order, the market economy results. "When the Christian rationale for government is understood and spelled out," he observes, "the only political role compatible with it is the modest function of defending the peace of society by curbing peace-breakers." Capitalism is the economic system which arises when government is thus confined and human liberty affirmed by religious insight.

Ideas of this sort hardly existed in antiquity. Now, modern thought as well, as Messrs. Lunn and Lean describe it, is losing its grip on these distinctively Western notions. In the strenuous campaigns of new moralists, "permissive storm troopers" and the "antilife lobby," we are witnessing the re-emergence of the pagan mind-set, with its indifference to the sanctity of life and the higher law which prevent the rule of unchecked force. The result is, among other things, the eradication of freedom.

Sir Arnold notes, for example, that far more human beings have been slaughtered and imprisoned by the supposedly "liberating" forces of twentieth-century atheism than all the assertedly obscurantist agents of faith put together. We are forever being reminded of Galileo—the only scientist in history to run afoul of the Catholic Church because of his scientific views, who suffered a reprimand and "honorable detention" and little else. We hear comparatively little of the droves of scientists who have been murdered, imprisoned or committed to mental institutions by the atheist regime of the Soviet Union. The religious record in this respect is incomparably the better one.

Mr. Lean notes the correlative point that Communism with good reason, has made systematic war on religion. He quotes Lenin's statement that "our revolution will never succeed until the myth of God is removed from the mind of man." Western faith provides a metaphysical base from which one may resist the demands of the total state, a zone of privacy where the instruments of compulsion cannot intrude. That is why Communism has persecuted both Christians and Jews, and why all the totalitarianisms have sought to bring religious authorities to heel. Just as faith and liberty go together, so do irreligion and compulsion.

Given the theoretical confusion being generated daily by the intellectual Establishment, these books will no doubt have a hard time getting a hearing. Both deserve a better fate than the Establishment is likely to accord them. *Christian Counter-Attack* contains many useful points supporting the case for Christian belief; the Opitz book, with its unusual combination of economic knowledge and vigorous theism, is a major breakthrough in the scholarship of freedom. □

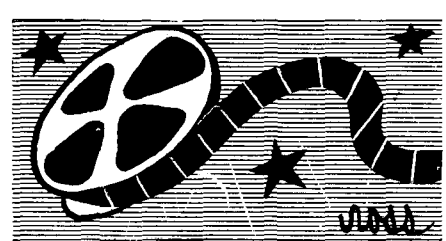
MOVIES I

PISTOL PACKIN' PATTON

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Orwell once wrote that all a critic can really say about any particular work of art is whether he likes it or not. But, as the last thirty or forty years have shown us, a critic can get pretty complicated about it. I remember a review of a film adaptation of a Dreiser book some years back that was so involuted it might as readily have been a critique of *Paradise Lost*. Yet who remembers the film now or even its title, or for that matter the review? I have always felt that however Ph.D.-sharpened the tools of his trade, the critic has a moral obligation to ask himself three questions about any work he undertakes to examine. First: What are the artist's intentions? Second: How well does he succeed in his intentions? Only after these two questions are answered may the final question be brought up: What does the critic himself think of the result?

So we come to the film *Patton*, about the most spectacular and dashing Allied general of World War II. In that war, the warrior Patton found his own personal fulfillment, and, whatever his quirks, his success as a commander of armored divisions was unequaled. Given a free hand, i.e., enough gasoline and supplies, he might actually have thrust through to Berlin in the autumn of 1944 and brought the European war to an end six months earlier. That able producer Frank McCarthy has intended to create Patton on the screen as he was in life and



on the battlefield, warts and all. As an aide to General Marshall, McCarthy knew Patton in the war and was able to draw from his own memories in rounding out the portrait.

Has McCarthy succeeded in his intention? I feel almost without qualification

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that he has, aided of course by the extraordinary adaptability of George Scott in the role of Patton. At times I had the feeling in seeing Scott that I was seeing the real general and not the gifted actor. I must admit that some of the battle scenes troubled me. No German tank attack could be as tactically inept as that one on the screen nor in real battle do tanks explode with all that verve, or Jeeps and bodies describe such arcs in the air. Yet for any producer or director, this dilemma is insoluble. A battle reproduced exactly on the screen would be too drab in its dirtiness, too slow in its details, too piecemeal, in a word too "unreal" by any film standards. Combat has to be gingered up to fit the screen, particularly a wide one. So I cannot fault McCarthy here because his battles are larger than life.

There are as always the few details that went astray, and that are probably as inevitable as misprints in a book. But for the record, the British command is not "For-ward march!" but "Company. Quick—march!" Nor would General Alexander, that most correct of Guards officers, eat holding his fork tines upward as he did at the dinner given by the screen Patton. He would have lost his left arm first. The screen Monty kept saluting with his thumb drooping down as if he were applying it to his nose.

And where was that gold watch-chain he used to dangle from pocket to pocket, and that brittle little voice (so imitated by his staff officers) barking "Rai-ght!"? As for voices, I am told that the real Patton had the voice of an enraged contralto, something that McCarthy and Scott had the sense not to imitate. But all the essential facets of Patton are there: his versifying, his posturing, his fundamentalist piety, his big and sometimes foul mouth into which his foot slipped so easily, his curious belief in field reincarnations, the notorious incident of his striking a private (portrayed about as understandingly as it could be portrayed), and above and through it all his brilliance as a field commander.

PATTON loved war and he loved military pomp and he loved glory. As one of the German General Jodl's staff officers remarked in the film, Patton was a magnificent anachronism. As Patton's obverse we are given General Bradley, in his film reincarnation by Karl Malden a kind of West Point David Harum, who dislikes military pomp and circumstance and apparently war itself—although the question persists, with a certain afterglow quality: If that is the way he feels, *"que diable fait-il dans cette galère?"*

The picture was filmed in Spain, Morocco and Crete, with a few shots in England, and the scenery is splendid. I could have enjoyed the film sheerly as a travelogue, particularly the parade of ten thousand of the Sultan of Morocco's soldiers in their spectacularly colorful uniforms. But now the final and subjective question must be asked. Do I think the film was worth the doing? And to that I can answer only yes. In many circles Patton has been judged harshly, despised by most intellectuals as a non-intellectual, a brute, a primitive, a home-grown variety of Nazi. What he really was, as has been said, is an anachronism. There was in him the *landsknecht* quality of Götz von Berlichingen, the martial ardor of a Ney, a Custer, a Rommel.

I DON'T KNOW what the George Pattons would do in times of perpetual piping peace, but as a commander in an inevitable war our Patton was invaluable. Dashing, impetuous, he risked much, won much and, in the process, saved American lives that might have been dribbled away by more cautious commanders. Personally I should not have cared to serve under him. But I have an accurate appreciation of what he accomplished, and I am grateful to McCarthy for this authentic record of the man, which will help set Patton straight in the popular mind and for a generation for whom World War II is no longer a memory. □

MOVIES II

CHRONICLE

RICHARD CORLISS

In a little museum of Flemish art in Bruges, Belgium, there is a painting by Gerard David of a man whose skin has been removed and neatly tacked down at his sides by men who stand around scrutinizing him. Whether the artist is describing torture or medieval surgery I don't recall. The painting came to mind as I watched Ingmar Bergman's latest film, *A Passion* (misrepresented in this country as *The Passion of Anna*). As in *Persona* and *Hour of the Wolf*, Bergman is ripping off, rather painfully, the façades of his characters' personalities. But is his purpose surgical or sadistic? Probably both. Bergman is fascinated by the inner layers of personality, and by the difficulties that film, a visceral and usually superficial medium, presents in peeling off those layers. But for a good part of *A Passion*, the fatal suspicion grows that Bergman enjoys the peeling more than finding the core. Besides, the characters here seem to be doing Bergman's work for him; there's a touch of the exhibitionist in the way they strip off their super-egos, and a lot of the masochist in their relentless self-flagellation—Bergman's own form of Swedish massage.

Again, as in *Persona* and *Hour of the Wolf*, Bergman sees the individual personality as a post-Christian version of the Soul, and uses vampirism as a metaphor for the theft of personality provoked by one's entrance into any human relationship. Put in the least elegant possible terms, *A Passion* is about a woman who is driven to destroy people named Andreas, and about the particularly vulnerable Andreas she chooses "this time."

The film is as austere as any of Bergman's other films, and even more discreet: It is filled with acts and words of violence, but these are mostly performed off-screen; and there's almost no nudity. *A Passion* is also oblique: The speeches are mostly monologues. Indeed, the film is an intricate set of missed connections. Within this maze, which has its rewards for the diligent viewer, four of Bergman's finest "staff members"—Max Von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson and Erland Josephson—wander and wonder eloquently. The final shot, of Andreas wandering about in a maelstrom of indecision, lingers in the mind and heart long after more accessibly successful films have faded from memory.

IT'S A PLEASURE to report that John Wayne hasn't let his Oscar-blessed "acting" become a habit. With *True Grit*, Wayne threw away the near-mythic persona it took thirty years and two hundred films to develop, and tried manfully but unsuccessfully to play a colorful character who was all color and no character. In *Chisum*, an extremely enjoyable

(Continues on page 800)

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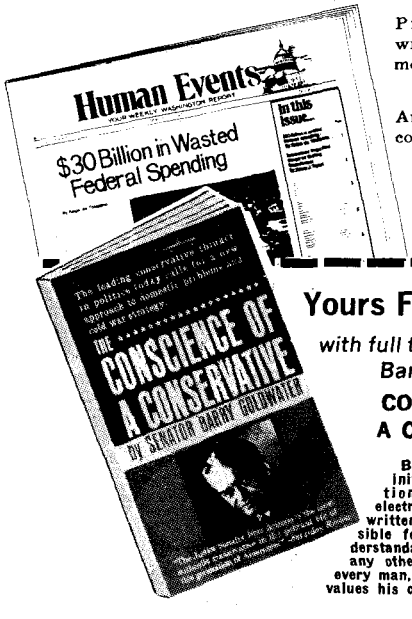
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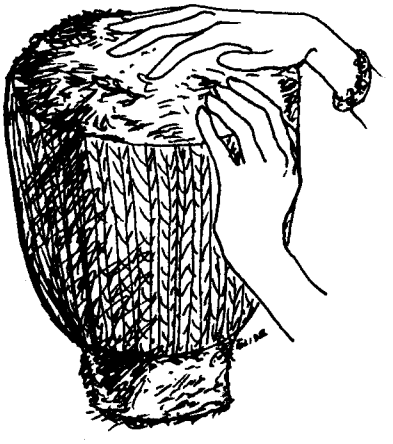

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NIEMEYER

(Continued from page 783)

cedure; it therefore gave the same security to the destroyers of the republic as to its defenders."

Some political scientists, it is true, insisted that freedom of speech made sense and was effective only within a community of values and rationality. Others pointed out that civil rights were meaningful only within a continuum of political obligation. There were some warnings that free elections as such could not guarantee a free government. The courts, however, on both sides of the Atlantic have taken the strictly positivistic line. For a long while they have refused to make substantive distinctions between bona fide and perverted uses of civil rights. By now a significant number of leaders in our society are actually incapable of making such distinctions. Eidelberg pointedly quotes Justice Douglas in the Ginzburg case, where he put the words "good," "bad" and "truth" in quotation marks, thereby indicating that he no longer could make any rational statements regarding pornography. A similar inability seems to have befallen academic administrators who fail to distinguish between academic freedom and student license, freedom of expression and the use of words for destruction, rational dialogue and the clash of irrationalities, speakers who communicate ideas and others who incite to rebellious action. Where such deep uncertainty and confusion manifest itself, weakness spreads from society's leaders to all citizens, and strength accrues to the forces bent on ending it all.

The real challenge to democracy in our time lies, therefore, not in the streets or on some battlefield, but in the hearts and minds of those on whom it is incumbent to make decisions in the name of the whole. For too long they have allowed the substance of order to atrophy within their souls. Now they are confronted with tests which threaten to expose the hollow shell of what was once a rational public understanding of right and wrong, high and low, real and unreal, decent and indecent. The truth is that during the last thirty years we have allowed the basis of public rationality to erode. Unless we succeed in stopping and reversing that course, and in recovering some knowledge of "the things that belong to our peace," our intellectual and moral anarchy may well end in a scene strewn with corpses, waiting for a Fortinbras in full armor to enter and take over. □

CORLISS

(Continued from page 798)

film directed with an energetic lack of style by Andrew McLaglen, Wayne is Big John once again, in a role that is a sort of sequel to his performance 22 years ago in the great *Red River*. In that Howard Hawks epic, Wayne led a cattle drive from Texas to Wichita, and fought along the way with his son figure, played by Montgomery Clift. The scene in *Chisum* is 25 years later; this time his son-figure is none other than Billy the Kid (Geoffrey Deuel).

The Duke is surrounded by so many old acting friends—Ben Johnson, Patric Knowles, Hank Worden, Pedro Gonzales Gonzales—and the story and acting is so engaging that *Chisum* could almost pass for a Hawks or John Ford Western. McLaglen doesn't have Hawks' professional ease or Ford's eye for spectacular landscapes, but he moves the film along respectably. *Chisum* is as corny, and nearly as tasty, as my wife's tamale pie, and Wayne & Co. create an aura of good will with no discernible effort at all.

EVER SINCE 1959, when his immortal *Immoral Mr. Teas* made $1 million on a $24,000 investment, Russ Meyer has been making sexploitation films of extraordinary popularity. His last few films, notably *Finders Keepers, Lovers Weepers* and *Vixen*, have succeeded both as fast-moving, pile-driving productions and as expressions of a uniquely weird directorial personality. Of course, Fox was more impressed by his grosses, and so signed him to make four films.

The first, *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, is incredible even by Meyer's standards. The usual touches are there —the pneumatic nymphs, the tough dialogue, the ferocious violence—but also a genuine narrative credibility that has never much interested Meyer. Casual movie-goers be warned: This is one of those films that will appeal mainly to confirmed cinephiles and Drive-in proletarians. But anyone with an adventurous spirit and a strong stomach is encouraged to venture beyond the norm to *Beyond the Valley*. □

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THOMSON

(Continued from page 788)

bodia's National Assembly since Sihanouk's ouster has been frequent visits with their constituents. "We are looking for discontent," says Douc Rasy. "And we are finding some. The people are worried about the safety of their villages. They are afraid they will not be able to get their crops to market. They are afraid of the resident Vietnamese as well as of the Vietcong. But there is one thing about which the people are united: They are anti-Sihanouk."

Of course, not all the Cambodians are anti-Sihanouk. There are perhaps two thousand Khmer Rouge—a pro-Communist faction from Sihanouk's days—at large, according to government estimates. There are also border smugglers, malcontents and mercenaries who have made common, and presumably profitable, cause with the Vietcong.

But these elements are small in view of the aggregate, and residual support for Sihanouk is waning fast. As one long-time French resident explains it, "The smartest thing the new government did was to make clear the extent of Sihanouk's relations with the Vietcong and North Vietnamese. Apart from their historical dislike for Vietnamese, every Cambodian has had at least some idea of the extent to which the Communist Vietnamese were undermining the country. By showing how closely Sihanouk dealt with them, both before and after March 18, the government has destroyed him in the eyes of the people."

Deputy Prime Minister Sirik Matak agrees, with a minor exception: "There are older people in the villages who still feel warmly toward Prince Sihanouk. He was their leader for almost thirty years. But they have no influence on the current political situation." What really counts, according to Sirik Matak, are the younger people. Over a hundred thousand of them, have volunteered for army service.

As of now, the Khmers—urban and rural, young and old, professional and peasant—support the present Cambodian government. Two months ago most observers wouldn't have given Cambodia any chance for remaining independent. Today, although the situation is still extremely grave, continuing popular support gives the country a fighting chance. Given arms and technical assistance, and strong enough monsoons, a united Cambodia could win. □

BUCKLEY

(Continued from page 787)

They get up to leave. Janie mentions that she expects there'll be a letter from Bill in her mailbox when she gets home to Virginia Beach. Nancy Rubin, Jerry's wife, is just back from Hanoi and Moscow, and she brought out 143 letters. She posted them yesterday, according to a newspaper story Janie read. One could be from Bill.

They walk out, three slim, determined fighting wives whose husbands, dead or alive, have cause to be proud of them. The door swings shut. You stand there a moment just thinking about them. And suddenly you realize with a start that they, too, are members of the Now Generation. □

LETTERS

(Continued from page 767)

Do you seriously expect Israel to stake her survival on the guarantees of those who have promised to drive her into the sea or who characteristically refer to her as a "gangster state."? "But," you may argue, "this proposal would be 'carried out under international guarantees.' "—guarantees like those which assured Israel free access to the Straits of Tiran and placed a buffer force of UN troops between Israel and Egypt, I presume.

Los Angeles, Calif. ISAAC PACHULSKI

Reporting Deficiency

Humor doesn't justify careless reporting and I'd like to think *NR* is above it. Why didn't you bother to inquire of Johns Hopkins (if you couldn't figure it out for yourself) as to why rats develop cataracts on a diet of nothing but yogurt?

What body—whether yours or a rat's—will *not* develop a deficiency disease if it tries to subsist on any one food that does not contain all the elements that that body requires to properly sustain itself?

San Clemente, Calif. MARION G. SOLOVIEFF

Thank You Notes

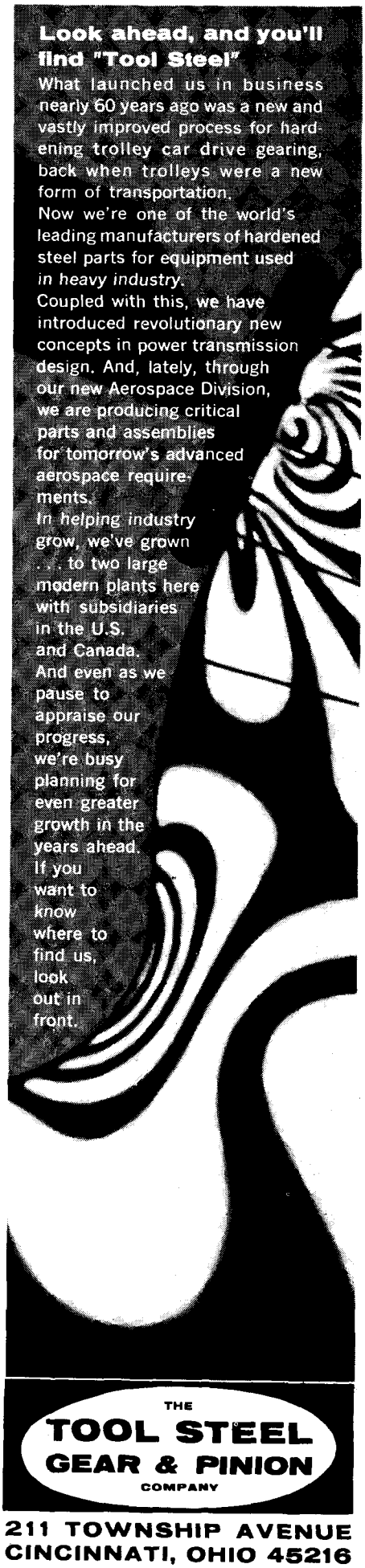
Thank you for publishing Mr. Will Herberg's review of my book, *The Governor Listeth*. I take the occasion to thank you for the excellent reception you have given over the years to my books.

New York, N.Y. WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Thank you for publishing my satire in your [June 2] *NR*. I received your check only a few days before leaving the Canal Zone for my vacation.

At the risk of appearing foolishly vain, I wish to point out that my name was misspelled: it is Fattorosi, not Fattoroski. Unless you find it inconvenient, I should appreciate your having this slight error corrected.

Long Branch, N.J. L. J. FATTOROSI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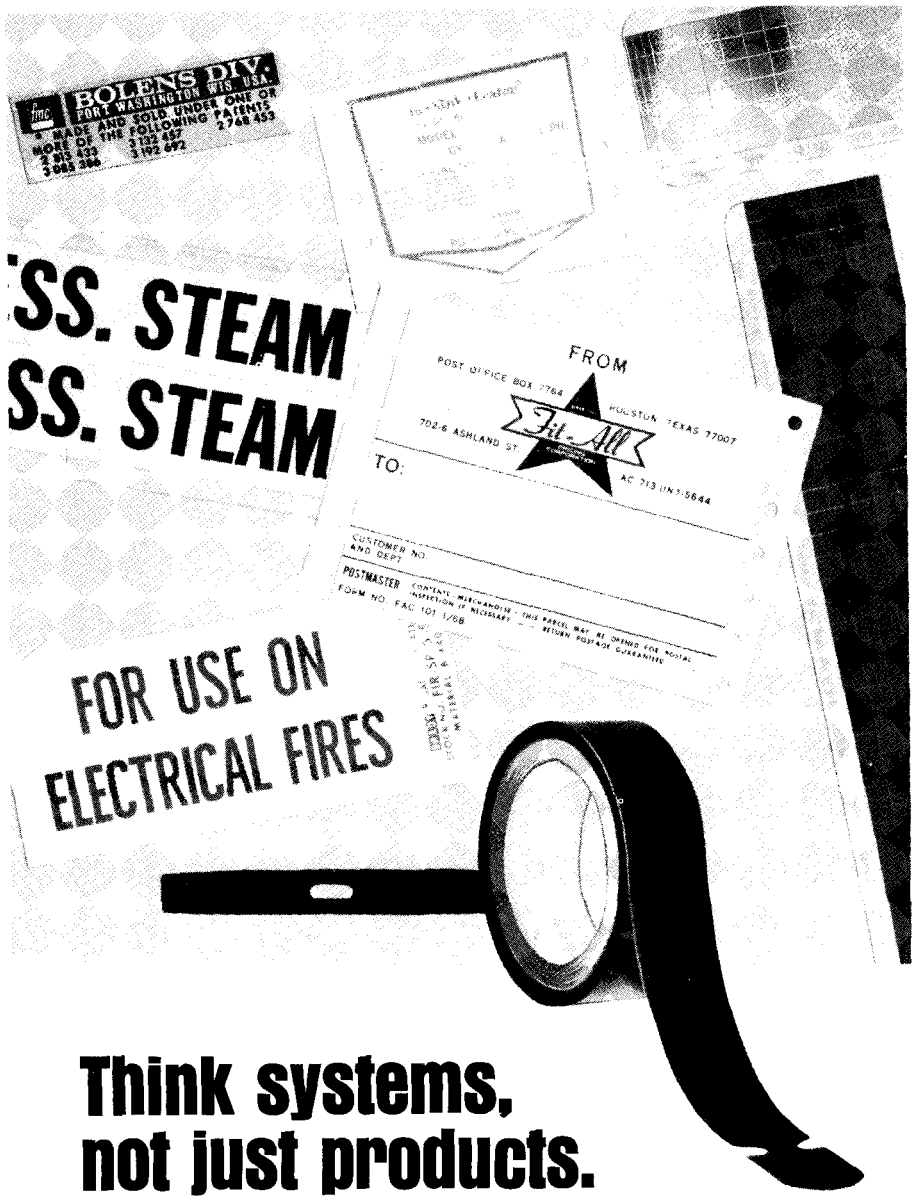

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On The Right

An Academic Opportunity

New York, July 7—The resignation of Mr. Kenneth Pitzer as President of Stanford University accentuates the universal search for college presidents, Mr. Pitzer's being only the most recent of the displaced persons from the academic chancelleries.

He went to Stanford only a year or so ago, having served as President of Rice, and achieved great prominence before that in science. Stanford is of course a good, vital university. During the Cambodian season he had to call the police, but only about thirteen times, and only 65 persons were injured, forty arrested. Ideologically, Pitzer was perfectly respectable: He deplored the Vietnam war and Nixon's activities over there. He declared a war of his very own, on Brigham Young University, against whose athletes he declined to play, on the grounds that the Mormon religion denies the priesthood to Negroes: and thus Mr. Pitzer acquired his own, personal South Africa. He broadened the curriculum in order to include students on all governing boards and committees, he deplored the draft, he got the trustees to agree to the students' demands that he close down the Research Insitute. He was very tolerant, bringing no charges at all against anyone, when one of his nicest buildings was burned down.

There were a few demonstrations, per week; and a hundred sitins, and rocks thrown through the windows of his office every now and again; and the late-night marching, the high-spirited serenades around his home. And there was the day in April when an exuberant student poured a can of paint on President Pitzer's clothes.

Now then, when Mr. Pitzer quits, what does he say? That student discipline has got out of hand? That he erred in hoping that conciliation would lead to a little tranquility? No, he said that when he accepted the post, it was on the assumption that the new Administration in Washington would do something about America, something decisive to terminate the war and, presumably, poverty and racism. So that it is all comfortably settled: The failure of Kenneth Pitzer to function successfully as President of Stanford University is Richard Nixon's fault! Whatever else you say about it, that is a considerable intellectual performance, especially for a trained scientist.

The University of California faculty are distressed because there won't be a general cost-of-living raise this year, and everybody knows why: Californians are not disposed, at this moment, to exert themselves in behalf of whatever you call what is going on in the colleges, provided you don't call it education. Endowment money is down in the private colleges, and for reasons that don't, at least not all of them, relate to the stock market. There are suggestions going around, some of them extremely ingenious, about how to proceed from here. It is generally accepted that the major universities cannot succeed in keeping order without outside help. That is to say, that students won't do it, the faculty won't insist on it, and the Administration is more or less powerless.

THE opportunity is quite extraordinary, it would appear to me, to organize, or better, to take over, a medium-sized college with first-rate library facilities, and a few very explicit understandings. 1) An area will be reserved in which students can demonstrate to their hearts' content. 2) Absolutely no demonstrations will be permitted anywhere else on campus. 3) No organization committed to disruption or related to any other organization that does, will be permitted to organize. 4) Any faculty member who fails to meet his academic obligations, as agreed upon, will instantly lose his tenure.

My notion is that to such a college, provided it were intellectually first-rate, would flock some of the finest scholars in America, who are soul-weary of what is going on. I could myself, in a half hour, come up with a list of a dozen professors, each one of them a luminary in his profession, who would go there in a minute, provided they could have security. The traffic in college presidents suggests the opportunity for a board of trustees to make the relevant decisions, right now: and be prepared to lose fifty professors who will ritualistically protest, and several hundred students: never mind, never mind, let them go, give them a silver watch or something, wish them godspeed and let them go. Then the good men will begin to flock in, and the philanthropists, who wish their resources to be used for education, and a great college will be born. □

MC CARTHY TO THE RESCUE

New York, July 8—Add to Senator Margaret Chase Smith, and to President Nathan Pusey, the *New Yorker* Magazine, and it becomes too too much. The *New Yorker* is, notwithstanding its sophistication, not really reliable. For instance, there was the schoolgirlish reception it gave to the language used by John F. Kennedy in his Inaugural Address, clearly an example of the flutters taking over the stylemasters at 43rd Street, absolutely overwhelming their judgment.

Now the *New Yorker* has a sad case of the grues, ever since President Nixon decided that Cambodia ought not to be a preserve for foreigners who want to kill Americans. Now whenever certain people in America—usually they are in their late fifties, or early sixties—really want to scare you, they draw on a very special word. They drop the name of Joe McCarthy.

A few weeks ago, Senator Margaret Chase Smith summoned her colleagues to hear her give a speech on the twentieth anniversary of a Declaration of Conscience issued by herself and a few colleagues against Senator McCarthy in 1950, implying that the New Left was the worst thing since McCarthy. A week or two after that, President Nathan Pusey, surveying the wreckage around him at Harvard, decided that the moment had come to strike the chords of doom, and so he announced that the New Left was like McCarthy and the Nazi youth.

The *New Yorker* has now upped the ante, by insisting that the New Left is not to be thought of as dangerous in the way that the Nazis or McCarthyites were, the big difference being that the Nazis and the McCarthyites were well entrenched in the government and therefore disposed of official power, whereas the New Left is after all isolated.

Now listen to the *New Yorker*: "The current Administration's response to this new danger has been to exploit and ex-

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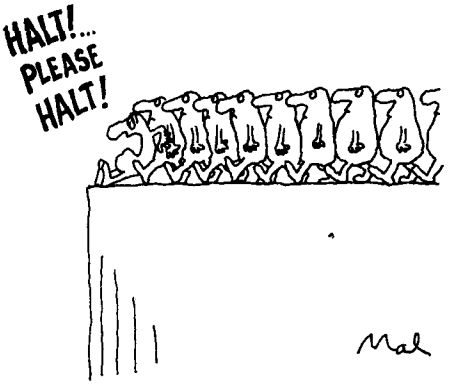

aggerate it by creating the impression that just about anyone who questions the Administration's war policies is an extremist." Senator McCarthy was never so—extreme. He never said, to use a handy analogy, that everyone who backed America's China policy during 1947-1949 was an extremist. What he said was that a group of identified Communists, working through the Institute of Pacific Relations and then the State Department, greatly influenced our catastrophic policies during that period. It happens—though that is irrelevant to this discussion—that he was exactly correct.

THE *New Yorker* speaks of McCarthy as having "succeeded in frightening scores of politicians as well as millions of citizens into silence," and says of him that he "was able to prevent people from speaking out anywhere, at any time—to silence them completely." Now as an historical matter, that charge is so far from the truth, that one finds oneself sympathizing with the Kids who feel that their elders will go to any lengths to revise history in a way that suits the Establishment. During the period in question there was a reign of terror in the colleges, all right, and in the opinion press. But it was against anyone who thought that Senator McCarthy had here and there a good point to make. It was—I address myself now to everyone who is under 35 years old—ten times as difficult to say anything favorable about McCarthy as it now is to champion Spiro Agnew say at Berkeley. McCarthy did scare a few dozen or a few hundred government officials, and he did often act recklessly. But he never interrupted a public meeting, never closed down nor was the cause of closing down, a college; never threw, nor encouraged others to throw, bombs; never destroyed, for wantonness' sake, the files of a professor, nor did any follower of his cause scholars to leave a campus in protest against the collapse of order.

It was almost twenty years ago that Dame Rebecca West got into so much trouble for writing an article gently reminding her hysteria-ridden colleagues in England, that she had recently traveled to the United States and discovered that neither Senator McCarthy nor any of his henchmen had ever entered into a room, machine guns blazing, in order to make their points. Her countrymen were appalled. They needed the Joe McCarthy they had created. And, to be sure, hobgoblins do serve a certain purpose, and clearly the editors of the *New Yorker* need theirs, so maybe we shouldn't take Joe away from them. □

NIXON AND THE NEW YORK ELECTION

New York, July 10—There is a political contest going on in New York State which is of extra-provincial interest, and I pause to remark that one of the contestants is my brother, James L. Buckley. I trust that it will be obvious to any fair-minded reader, and even to the majority of unfair-minded readers, that it is inconceivable that what I proceed to write is affected by my biological ties with Jim. I shall even refrain from mentioning any of his personal qualities (what the rhetoricians call paralepsis!), and confine myself to the objective situation.

1) The Democrats have just finished nominating Richard Ottinger. Mr. Ottinger is an adamant opponent of Mr. Nixon's policies, national and international.

2) The Republicans nominated Charles Goodell, the incumbent, who had been named by Nelson Rockefeller to occupy Robert Kennedy's seat. Now therein lies a tale. Mr. Goodell was appointed after having served in Congress, where he spoke and voted as a moderate, and as a backer of the Vietnam policies of Lyndon Johnson. But very soon after reaching the Senate, Mr. Goodell began to startle his step-constituents by taking ferociously anti-Nixon positions, most particularly on Vietnam, but also on ABM, MIRV, the whole bit. So diligently did he antogonize the Republican organization in New York that, if left to their own devices, 90 per cent of the convention delegates would have voted against his renomination last spring. (That 90 per cent is not a figure which Governor Rockefeller would dispute.) It was, of course, Governor Rockefeller who insisted on the reaffirmation of Goodell, for labyrinthine reasons which as a matter of fact suggest themselves to anyone who wishes to meditate on New York politics.

3) The Conservative Party of New York, founded in 1962 to wield a countervailing influence in New York politics against the Liberal Party, nominated James Buckley. Buckley, a registered Republican, immediately petitioned the Republicans to permit him to enter into a primary contest against Senator Goodell. The bosses said no, which they were entitled to say inasmuch as Buckley is technically a resident of Connecticut. In analogous situations (involving, for instance, Robert Kennedy in 1964, and Morris Abram in 1970), the Democratic Party waived the qualification.

Buckley, a businessman who has worked in and out of New York, where he was born, since graduating from law school in 1949, had run for office once before. For senator, against Jacob Javits and Paul O'Dwyer, in 1968. He amassed, under Conservative auspices, the quite extraordinary total of 1.1 million votes, which is to say 17.3 per cent of the votes cast. And, most significantly, he got four times as many votes as George Wallace, and over twice as many as any third-party candidate in the history of New York State.

4) Enter the White House. Obviously, the White House cannot directly endorse Buckley over Goodell, because to do so would be to repudiate the Republican organization. However, it would appear as obvious that the White House would prefer the victory of Buckley, a registered Republican who, on entering the Senate, would line up with the Nixon forces.

5) There are those, however, who will be counseling the President against support, however attenuated, for someone running on a third-party ticket. That would further the Balkanization of the American two-party system. In fact, the arguments to the contrary are more persuasive. What Richard Nixon fears most, or should fear most, is the Wallace Right. Insofar as gentlemen with the voting record of Charles Goodell succeed, through the machinations of party bosses, in imposing themselves as representatives of the Republican Party in the Senate of the United States, there is resentment. Resentment by those who believe that the Republican Party is indifferent to what they understand to be Republican principles. There is the further factor. If New York Republicans repudiate Goodell, they are indirectly instructing successor-managers of the New York Republican Party that they desire moderate candidates to represent them. In so doing, surely they increase the strength of the Republican Party nationally, which has everything to gain from discouraging the right-wing third parties that are always threatening, as in Virginia, New Jersey and elsewhere. The arguments add up to a decorously active White House backing for James L. Buckley, and to a neglect, somewhat less than benign, of Charles Goodell. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. In danger of toppling over because of improper distribution of weight — 16 112 222 3 132 145 55 213

B. What a person ought to be whether it pays or not — 36 221 48 97 108 85

C. A group of nine (Supreme Court, Mets' lineup, etc.) — 56 146 201 217 7 158

D. *Your destruction cometh as a* ..... (Proverbs 1:27) — 86 156 23 89 53 17 195 210 10

E. That by means of which any work is performed or result is effected — 141 40 59 64 194 115 148 157 168 179

F. What you and your mate might form — 152 90 28 203

G. One of the names given to the Saviour; from A to Z — 172 45 76 83 88 117 127 130 149 175

H. A city in New Hampshire. — 184 50 68

I. A type of fishing — 182 154 99 14 138 192

J. Anything or everything that; anything soever which — 49 18 21 41 57 63 66

K. One of Jocob's sons — 1 65 15 134 100 113 224 218

L. A synonym for Babylon (Jeremiah 25:26, 51:41) — 167 139 161 19 35 135 197 205

M. Its residents live longer than was formerly the case — 188 166 136 140 180 209 24 190

N. Where Hans Christian Andersen was born — 33 6 12 72 125 128 159 58 98 107

O. *Myrica carolinensis* — 43 101 191 173 170 206

P. To extend over — 20 70 75 82 96 2 13 29 39 42

Q. The rounded margin of the gum (dental) — 51 5 30 122 199 219 22 74 84 93

R. Under — 193 171 133 110 92 37 67

S. Belonging to the essential nature of — 95 77 155 169 25 162 183

T. A city in Martin County, Indiana — 9 212 198 142 207 160

U. A small opening, as in a wall or parapet, through which small arms may be discharged — 80 54 121 102 176 204 215 220 87

V. The Past — 111 78 103 44 163 214 223 123

W. Excellence, virtue, benevolence, generosity — 119 164 116 124 187 177 52 181 147

X. An ecstatic or highly emotional utterance or literary work — 91 61 186 104 118 178 27 38

Y. Unscramble ONE ACTED — 150 153 47 79 144 32 105 202

Z. Offensive to the sensibilities — 200 69 129 165 185 106 189 81

a. A color, reddish blue-red in hue, of low saturation and medium brilliance — 216 126 137 34 73

b. Jesus overthrew their tables — 4 8 11 60 71 109 114

120 131 143 151 174 196 208 211 26 31 46 62 94

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 803 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 J	2 O	■	3 A	4 a	5 P	6 M	■	7 C	8 a	■	9 S	10 D	11 a	12 M	■	13 O	14 H	15 J	16 A
■	17 D	18 I	■	19 K	20 O	21 I	22 P	23 D	24 L	25 R	26 b	27 W	■	28 F	29 O	30 P	■	31 b	32 X
33 M	34 Z	■	35 K	36 B	37 Q	38 W	39 O	40 E	■	41 I	42 O	43 N	44 U	45 G	46 b	■	47 X	48 B	49 I
■	50 G	51 P	52 V	■	53 D	54 T	55 A	56 C	57 I	■	58 M	59 E	■	60 a	61 W	62 b	63 I	■	64 E
65 J	66 I	67 Q	■	68 G	69 Y	70 O	■	71 a	72 M	73 Z	74 P	75 O	■	76 G	77 R	78 U	79 X	80 T	81 Y
■	82 O	83 G	84 P	85 B	■	86 D	87 T	■	88 G	89 D	90 F	■	91 W	92 Q	93 P	94 b	■	95 R	96 O
97 B	98 M	99 H	100J	101N	■	102T	103U	104W	■	105X	106Y	107M	108B	109a	110Q	■	111U	112A	113J
114a	■	115E	116V	■	117G	118W	119V	■	120b	121T	122P	123U	■	124V	125M	126Z	127G	■	128M
129Y	■	130G	131b	132A	133Q	■	134J	135K	136L	■	137Z	138H	139K	140L	141E	142S	143b	144X	■
145A	146C	147V	■	148E	149G	150X	151b	■	152F	153X	154H	155R	■	156D	157E	■	158C	159M	160S
161K	■	162R	163U	164V	■	165Y	166L	167K	168E	169R	170N	171Q	■	172G	173N	174b	■	175G	176T
177V	178W	■	179E	180L	181V	182H	■	183R	184G	■	185Y	186W	187V	188L	■	189Y	190L	191N	■
192H	193Q	194E	195D	196b	197K	198S	199P	■	200Y	201C	202X	■	203F	204T	205K	206N	■	207S	208b
209L	210D	■	211b	212S	213A	■	214U	215T	216Z	217C	218J	■	219P	220T	221B	222A	223U	224J	■

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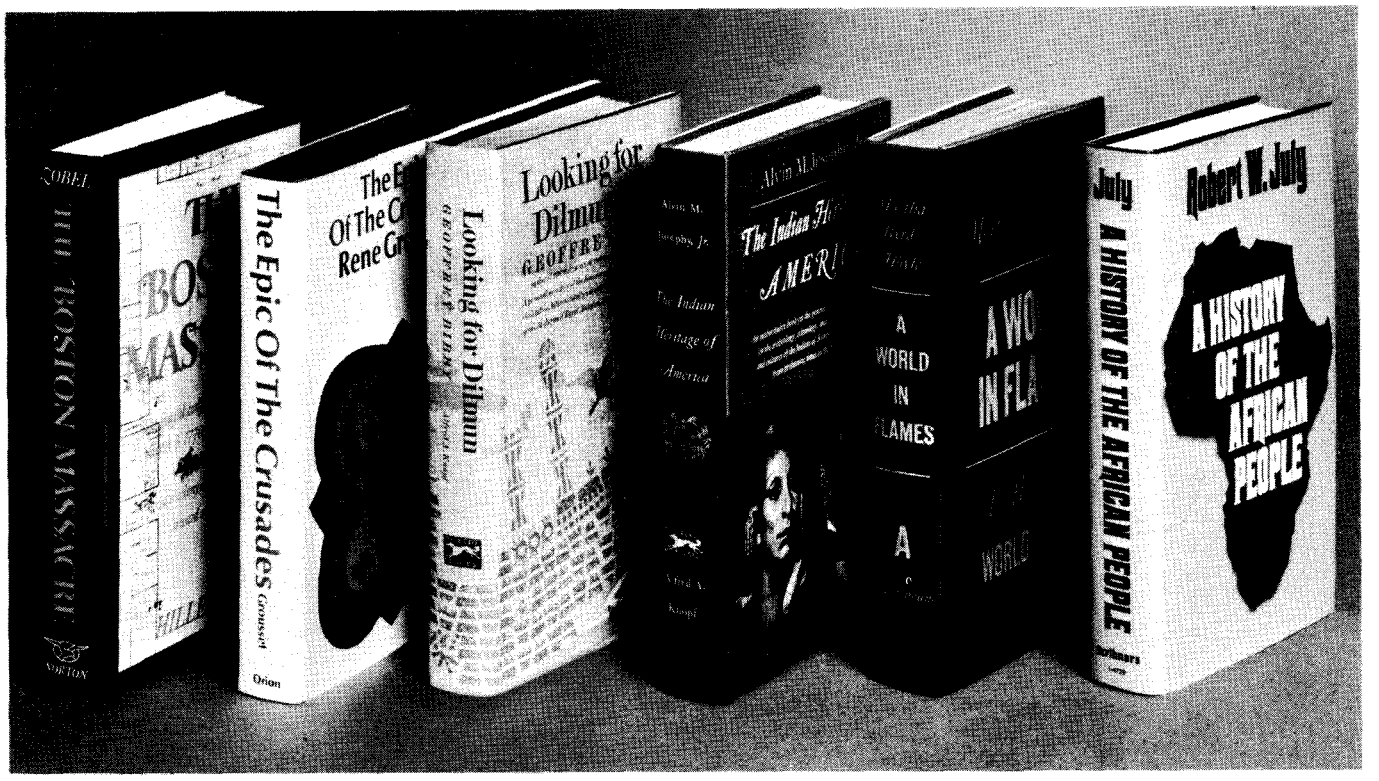

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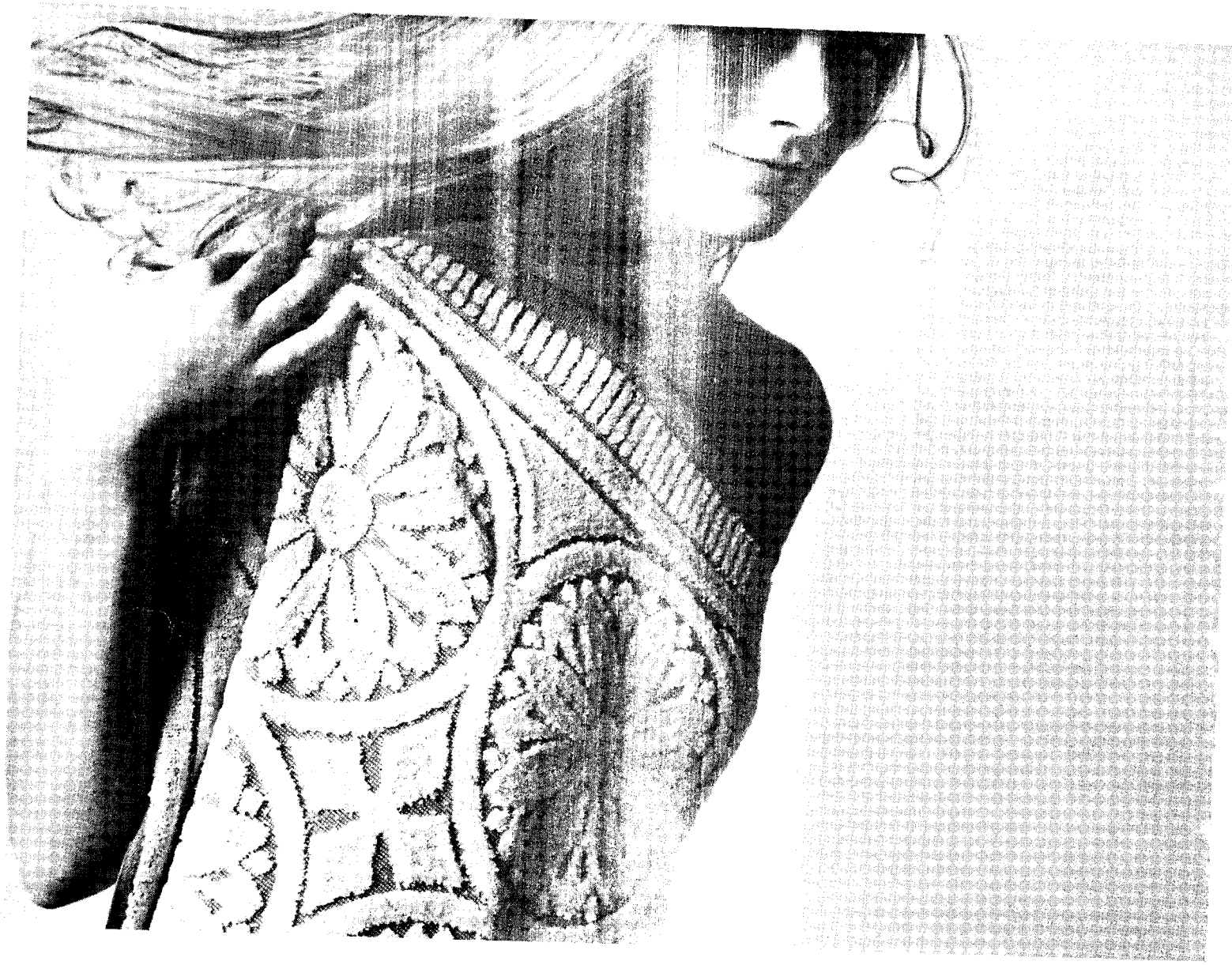

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